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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1957.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

MERDEKA

TODAY Malaya enters into a new era of political freedom, but it has elected to remain within the British Commonwealth of Nations as an independent sovereign state and thus enjoy the many advantages it has to offer.

The agreement under which Britain assumed a protectorate over the nine states ruled by hereditary sultans is at an end. So, too, is British sovereignty over the settlements of Penang and Malacca. To those who have worked unceasingly towards independence within the Commonwealth we offer our congratulations for having achieved their object with the minimum of political agitation and turbulence.

In fact, Malaya's progress towards its final objective under the leadership of Tunku Abdul Rahman has been as peaceful as it has been unexpectant. The violent demonstrations that often marked the onward march of some other dominions and colonies were missing. Malaya, the multi-racial land, walked quietly along the road, despite the heavy burden of the jungle war.

The honour for this achievement must necessarily go to the Tunku for it was he who, in his earliest campaign speeches, pledged himself to gain independence "without bloodshed and without bitterness." There is, therefore, cause for celebration today and there is every indication that the various races making up the nation appear anxious to remain on good terms with Britain and the Commonwealth.

This makes good sense for not only in the political and financial fields will Malaya benefit, but also in the military protection of Southeast Asia.

On this, the day of rejoicing, Malaya might do worse than harken to the words of Lord Rosebery when he delivered a message to Australia in 1883. Lord Rosebery said: "These are no longer colonies in the ordinary sense of the term; but I claim that this is a country that has established itself as a nation, and that its nationality now and will be henceforth recognised by the world. . . . But there is a further question: does this fact of your being a nation imply separation from the Empire? God forbid! There is no need for any nation, however great, leaving the Empire, because the Empire is a Commonwealth of Nations."

MOLOTOV GETS NEW POST

He Becomes Ambassador In Mongolia!

Moscow, Aug. 30. Mr V. M. Molotov has been appointed Soviet Ambassador to Mongolia, the Soviet news agency Tass said tonight.

The Tass statement said "The Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR has appointed V. M. Molotov, Ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the USSR to the Mongolian People's Republic."

"V. I. Pisarev who held the position of Ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the USSR to the Mongolian People's Republic, has been appointed a councillor-minister at the USSR embassy in the Mongolian People's Republic."

STRIPPED

Molotov, one-time Foreign Minister, was stripped of his Government and high party posts last month together with Georgi Malenkov and Lazar Kaganovich.



He and Kaganovich were two of Russia's first four Deputy Prime Ministers and Malenkov was a deputy premier and Minister of Electric Power Stations.

SECOND

Molotov's appointment to the Mongolian People's Republic (formerly Outer Mongolia) takes him to a mountainous state sandwiched between Asiatic Russia and China.

Its capital, Ulan Bator, is roughly 3,000 miles from Moscow and about 800 miles north of Peking.

Mongolia was proclaimed a People's Republic in 1924. At one time a Chinese province, it was under Russian protection between 1912 and 1919.

Molotov is the second of the dismissed anti-party group to be put at a new job.

Malenkov was last month appointed manager of a power station 2,000 miles from Moscow in East Kazakhstan. —Reuter.

INDIAN CUT OFF HIS SHIPMATE'S NOSE

London, Aug. 30. Munuwamy, a 43-year-old Indian seaman charged with murdering Latiff Khan, chief steward aboard his ship, was said in court here today to have reported to the Chief Officer that he had cut off the steward's nose and thrown it into the sea.

The alleged incident occurred aboard the British motor vessel Westbank in the south-Pacific on July 10.

Prosecuting, Mr. O. Nugent, said there had been trouble apparently over religion, "between Munuwamy and Khan, known to the crew as 'The Butler'."

One afternoon on Tahiti, Munuwamy appeared on the bridge and told the duty officer he had "cut off The Butler's nose" and another part of his body, and thrown them over the side.

The officer said he found the steward lying mutilated on the floor of his cabin. He died shortly afterwards.

The hearing was adjourned until Wednesday. —Reuter.

It Depends On Your Brain

New York, Aug. 30. The life-span of man and all mammals probably depends on the size of the brain in proportion to the size of the body, Dr. George Sacher of the Argonne National Laboratory, revealed today.

Longevity depends on the capacity of the brain to regulate the functions of the body, he said. —France-Press.

Very Useful

The Hon. C. E. M. Terry, Acting Chairman of the Hongkong Tourist Board, said on his return by air this morning that the two conferences he had attended on tourism in Tokyo were "very informative and useful." He added that representatives of the Pacific area countries exchanged views on methods of travel.

Mr Terry was accompanied by Mr J. L. Murray, Government PRO.

SACRIFICE RECALLED



Possibly the only one to notice this small still figure on the cenotaph yesterday — apart from our photographer — was Dr Rodriguez who laid the wreath on the occasion of Liberation Day. It was a dead bird, its feathers badly ruffled. The photographer's caption read: "A sacrifice for Liberation Day at the Cenotaph."

Vote Buying Allegations Deplored

Manila, Aug. 30. President Carlos Garcia tonight challenged foreign news concerns to cover the November elections "to the extent of their capacity" to see to it that it is conducted fairly and freely.

The President issued the "cordial invitation" after denouncing accounts by "certain United States magazines and newspapers on his alleged vote-buying in the recent convention of the ruling Nacionalista Party."

"We do not shun the spotlight of close scrutiny," President Garcia said. "We want an election that will be an honor to our country and when we have it we want it reported."

Mr Garcia would not divulge the US magazines and newspapers by name but he said they are of general circulation in the Philippines, and that most news-men might have read of their "unsavoury" reports about him. —United Press.

We'll Consider

London, Aug. 30. Radio Moscow said today that Russia would give "proper consideration" to new Western disarmament proposals but declared the proposals "completely lacking in sincerity." —United Press.

Bride First, Now A Bridegroom

Warrington, Aug. 30. Robert Allen honeymooned for the second time today. This time as a bridegroom.

The last time he was the bride.

Allen was brought up as a girl and married a coal dealer in 1938. The marriage was annulled soon afterward.

He changed his name from Joyce to Robert in 1944 when he produced medical evidence to prove he was listed as a girl at birth by mistake and reared that way.

Allen's bride is the former Dorcen Merdmore, a nurse, he met while working as a radiologist.

They were married yesterday by the Rev. B. H. Seckitt, whose wife said he was "stunned" when he learned of Allen's background after the ceremony. —United Press.

POLICE, TROOPS MOVE IN ON DIAMOND MINES

London, Aug. 30. Police and troop reinforcements have moved into the diamond mine area in Sierra Leone (British West Africa) where illicit diamond workers recently looted stores and strong rooms, it was disclosed tonight.

A statement issued by J. G. Goad, Secretary of the Consolidated African Selection Trust Company, said that an estimated 12,000 illicit diamond workers were working within the company's leases.

The statement said that so far no action to eject the workers had taken place, but that the company understood that police and military forces were standing by.

The Executive Director of the company is leaving for Sierra Leone immediately. The disturbances began last Saturday when raiders seized one of the company's mines at Yengema, looting stores and breaking into strong rooms. —France-Press.

Chinese Paper Banned

Paris, Aug. 30. The French "Journal Officiel" today published a decree, banning the circulation, distribution and sale on French territory of the Paris Chinese language newspaper "Tsin-tung."

The reason for the ban was "interference in the affairs of the state," informed sources said. —France-Press.

America Tests Another Missile

New York, Aug. 30.

An intermediate range type missile believed to be the air force Thor was fired from the Cape Canaveral missile test centre today.

It was the second test firing this week. The Army's missile, Jupiter, was fired on Tuesday.

The long white projectile soared into the blue sky where it was visible for nearly four minutes.

GAINED SPEED

The missile rapidly gained speed and thousands of feet in the air it began to veer east.

Its long tail of flame gave way to white smoke. About a minute and a quarter after it left the ground its booster section came off.

For a brief period the booster portion was ahead of the missile. It apparently fell into the ocean.

The course of the missile was marked by a white trail, the projectile apparently fell far out at sea.

If the missile fired were the Thor it probably would be the first successful launching of the Air Force projectile. Air Force officials would not identify it. —Reuter.

Four Or Six?

Washington, Aug. 30. Government sources said today the Soviet Union was believed to have fired four, possibly six, long-range ballistic missiles in the last two months.

The test firings were reported to have been made on a range in northern Russia and Siberia, with the missiles travelling between 4,000 and 4,500 miles to a target. —China Mail Special.

What You Can —And Can't— See In Russia

Moscow, Aug. 30.

The Soviet Foreign Ministry today announced changes in the list of places banned to foreign visitors.

The broad effect is to open up a few places of cultural interest in the Moscow area and western Ukraine, and permit visitors to Riga, the Latvian capital, and Irkutsk, Siberia, while closing off parts of the Leningrad area and Kazakhstan, and increasing the banned areas round Moscow. —Reuter.

All Rescued

New York, Aug. 30. A helicopter completed last night its mission of airlifting 23 Norwegian seamen marooned on an Arctic ice floe since Sunday, the Air Force announced today. —France-Press.




The Kenwood Chef

We cannot give away a £10 note with each "CHEF" purchased — but this sum represents your saving against purchase in the UK.

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KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

THEY'RE JUMPING WITH JOY!!!



KING'S: Extra Morning Show To-morrow at 12.20 p.m.

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.00 a.m.

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

20th Century Fox

M-G-M presents

Presents "TOM & JERRY"

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m.

Special Matinee

Gregory Peck in

"THE MILLION POUND NOTE"

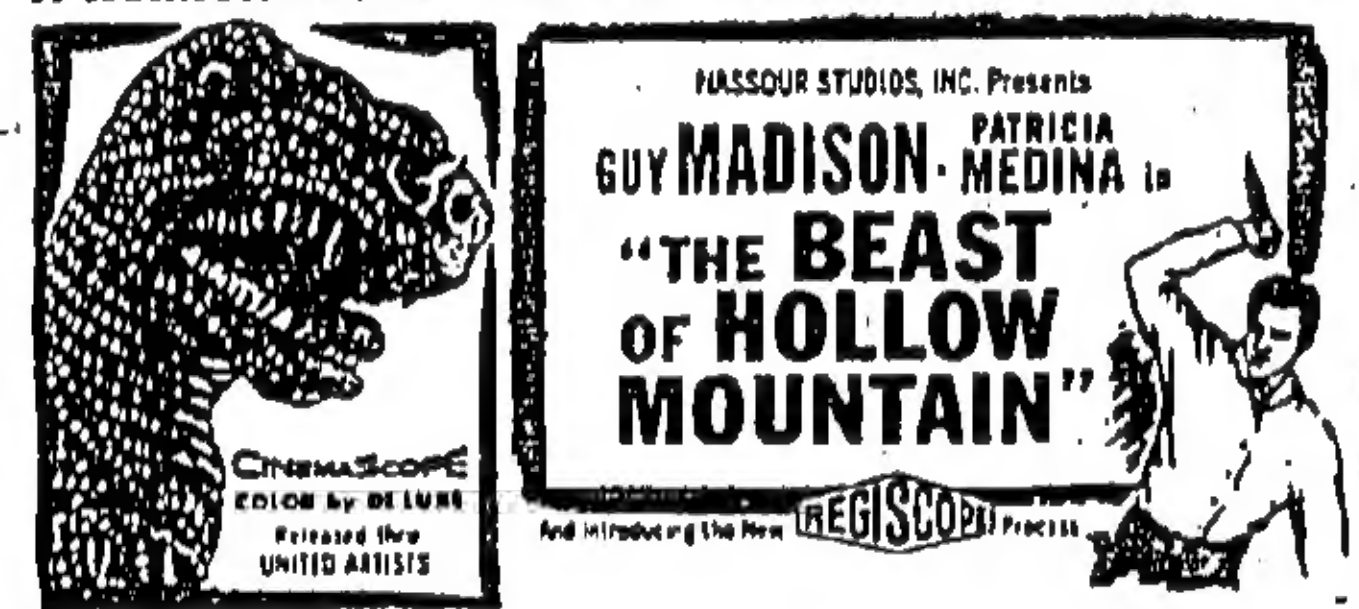
Color by Technicolor

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

AIR-CONDITIONED STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A HORROR BEYOND BELIEF—TERROR BEYOND COMPARE!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 12.30 p.m.

METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.

20th Century-Fox

20th Century-Fox

presents

presents

In CinemaScope & Color

"VIVA ZAPATA!"

Starring

Starring

Harry Belafonte

Marlon Brando

Dorothy Dandridge

Anthony Quinn

At Reduced Prices

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FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by
ANTHONY FULLER

It's Regiscope

The Beast Of Hollow Mountain:

I think it was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who first indicted these prehistoric monsters upon us. I recall, ever so dimly, seeing a silent version of his "The Lost World" in which the screen was cluttered up with Brontosaurus, and other species of dinosaur. Then the fertile imagination of the late Edgar Wallace introduced a different and less scientific monster to the screen when sound was still a novelty and we spoke of "talking pictures".

This outsize gorgonzola nightmare was called King Kong, a name, I am happy to say, that still lingers in the all-in-sweat-and-tears business.

These past twelve months have seen a fine crop of beasts from lagoons, outer-space, and one as near Stanley. You have a right then to ask this question: "What has the Beast of the Hollow Mountain got, that none of the other beasts had?" The answer is Regiscope. This famed term, formed from register and scope, is the trademark for the new animation-in-depth screen process by which inanimate objects are made to move realistically and which the producer, Edward Nassour developed after eighteen years of experimentation.

Scenic Effects

"The Beast of the Hollow Mountain," showing at the Metropole and Star, is filmed in CinemaScope. The Luxe which is fortunate because it brings out the scenic effects of the Mexican mountains. Starring along with the Beast are Patricia Medina and Guy (Wild Bill Hickok) Madison.

The story has this antecedent: a prehistoric monster comes out of its centuries-old hiding place and makes a pretty substantial breakfast of the local cattle. The citizens react this, but, of course, suspecting as being the cause, the idea of it being a prehistoric beast doesn't enter their heads.

However, to show he doesn't play favourites, the beast eats one or two locals, and then stampedes a herd of cattle. However, someone tells Guy Madison about it, and as any States TV fan could tell you, from that moment the beast has "found it".

The makers of this fantastic fantasy are to be congratulated on their location site. The area is rich in archaeological ruins, many of them unexplored to this day, I think. The lofty

volcanic elevations form the ideal locale for the film. Go and see it. It's easy on the eye, with easy on the head also; the kids will lap it up.

A Satire

Silk Stockings: The Cole Porter musical hit, which ran on Broadway for two years, begins a run at the Hoover and Liberty Theatres. Interest in this film is heightened by the fact that the star, Fred Astaire, is just finishing a short holiday spent in the Colony.

Filed in M-G-M's CinemaScope and colour, the original play comes to us intact plus two new Porter songs, and with eye-filling production numbers starring Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jan Paige, and Peter Lorre.

An Arthur Freed production, budgeted as one of the studio's biggest musicals for 1957, the picture teams Fred Astaire and Miss Charisse for the first time since their successful co-dancing appearance in "The Band Wagon." Its lavish numbers call for a long, the-chorus of a forbidden Russian girl, Ninotchka (Miss Charisse) who arrives in Paris to persuade Russia's most famous composer to return to his homeland from which he has strayed. It is an assignment on which three commissars who have preceded her have fallen down. Ninotchka also falls, thanks to the irresistible charm of Fred Astaire, this time an American film producer.

This is the cue for song number, "Faded to Be Mated."

Metamorphosis

I think you will enjoy the metamorphosis of Cyd Charisse as she strips off the dull bureaucratic garb of an intense young Communist and emerges as a beautiful and seductive girl.

Another show stopper is Fred Astaire's "Riz Rollin' Rock" in which he dances in top hat, white tie, and tails.

I considered the number "Stereophonic Sound" one of the cleverest of the show, especially the perfect timing of the slatted grand piano lid which certainly tests the resources of this ingenious addition of cinema effect.

What I should like to see is a performance of this film in Moscow. It really guys all those solemn bureaucrats who take their doctrine too seriously. I don't want to spoil the film for you but here is a typical gag.

The three Commissars are feeling rather guilty indulging in the flesh pils of Paris, but absolutely horrified when told the Royal Suite has been engaged for them; however, a happy compromise is found when it is renamed the Workers' Suite!

Peter Lorre, normally associated with sinister creations, breaks out into a completely contrasting style. This time, instead of getting biases, he gets cheers. Moreover, he breaks into song and dance with his big number, "Siberia," one of the comedy hits of the Cole Porter score.

It's a lighthearted show, cheek full of fun. I'm sure you'll enjoy it.

Hilarious Film

Oh, For A Man! It is only to be expected that Hollywood should take

New Films

At A Glance

SHOWING

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Oh! For A Man!" or "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" The Broadway success starring Jayne Mansfield and Tony Randall.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Silk Stockings." Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse team up with Cole Porter in a mad, mirthful, stockyful of entertainment.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Brothers Rico." Richard Conte in manhunt murder syndicate drama.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Jumping Jacks." Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in a Hal Wallis farce.

STAR and METROPOLE: "The Beast of Hollow Mountain." An ante-diluvian monster terrorizes Mexico.

COMING

ROXY and BROADWAY: "An Affair to Remember." A sentimental journey with Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Man in the Sky." M.G.M.'s first Ealing release. Jack Hawkins as a test pilot.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Funny Face." Again Fred Astaire in a movie version of his great stage success.

STAR and METROPOLE: "Men in War." Robert Ryan and Aldo Ray in a private war in a global war.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Ill Met by Moonlight." Dirk Bogarde, Marius Goring, and David O'Neil. The long awaited Rank production of a daring escapade in Crete '44.

a crack at its upstart rival, television, so Twentieth Century Fox collected the Broadway hit, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?", threw out everything but Jayne Mansfield, threw in Producer Tashlin, some old gags with new dressing, and the result is probably the most hilarious film of the year.

Sometimes I've wondered if Americans swallow these seemingly gratuitous little plugs like "The reason I smoke Elephant cigarettes is because five million they filters extract all the harmful ole, ole." Well, this picture proves they think about it much the same as we do. The whole thing takes commercial television for a ride, and doesn't bother to bring it back. The result is terrific. Tashlin, long recognised as one of Hollywood's top creators of comedy, and the acknowledged master of the comedy device known as the "right gag," packed, "Oh, for a Man!" with such gags as a big French poodle who changes his colour and wardrobe to fit Miss Mansfield's changes; a series of comedy TV commercials in which, for instance, a door falls off a car under the coarseness of an enthusiastic car-salesman; and pop-corn popping in Tony Randall's pocket when he is embraced by Jayne Mansfield.

Clever Touch

I like all that kind of fun as well as the next, but the really clever touch is Tashlin's evaluation of success, and the stuffy little vanities that men reckon success. Here, if I may say so, is philosophical parody for all those funny little men who inflict their insufferable vanity upon the minor denizens of the business world.

In this film, Hunter is the living parody of all such, and his great moment is the privilege of using the executive's toilet. Quite honestly, I consider it satire of the highest order, because it is introduced in such a robust everyday manner. The rest of the credit must go to the cast.

I think we might say that Jayne Mansfield's success is that she parodies her type. She is groomed and gowned in the manner of a Hollywood glamour queen who goes to New York and makes a deal with an advertising copywriter to endorse his lipstick account if he will make her Hollywood boy friend jealous. That is the first step to fame for Tony Randall, the copywriter.

Joan Blondell is also in this film along with Betty Drake who returns to Hollywood after a five-year absence.

"Oh, for a Man!" filmed in CinemaScope-De Luxe colour is showing at the Roxy and the Broadway.

Manhunted

The Brothers Rico: From the powerful pen of the international master of suspense, Georges Simenon, comes the exciting story of three manhunt brothers and their women, in Columbia Picture's absorbing crime-drama, "The Brothers Rico" which stars (Continued on P 3 Col 7)

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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MANHUNT OF THE CENTURY!



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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE BIG FUN SHOW OF THE YEAR!



OH, FOR A MAN!

ORIGINAL TITLE:
Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?

★ 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW ★

EXTRA PERFORMANCE OF
"OH! FOR A MAN!"
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BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
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Elizabeth Taylor
Victorio Gassman in "RHAPSODY"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

To-day 2.30-5.00-7.20-9.40
Please note change of times!A Big Musical-Comedy with
many beautiful girls!

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MARTIN BLAINE - JANE BRADLEY - FRANK BRADLEY - VIVIAN BLAINE

Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"KHYBER PATROL"TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TOUGH AS THEY COME!

SCREAMING EAGLES

TOMMY LUTON - JANE BRADLEY - FRANK BRADLEY - VIVIAN BLAINE

To-morrow Morning Show
At Reduced Prices
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at 10.30 p.m.
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THE RANK ORGANISATION presents
GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
ANTHONY QUINN
THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

EPIC BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL
AUDIE MURPHY
THE GUNS OF FORT PETTICOAT
TECHNICOLOR, A COLUMBIA PICTURE

NEXT CHANGE —
George Montgomery
"HUK"
In Eastmancolor

ANNOUNCEMENT

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

TALKING BIRDS DON'T UNDERSTAND

Pure Luck When
Certain Words
Fit The Occasion

By ALFRED LEECH

Chicago.

Your parakeet doesn't know what he's talking about.

At the risk of disillusioning some bird lovers, Austin L. Rand, Chief Curator of Zoology at the Chicago Natural History Museum, has conducted some research on talkative birds.

His conclusion: "Birds don't know what they're saying." Most people realize this, but they like to pretend otherwise. They like to think that their feathered friends understand a smattering of their own conversation.

Don't Realise

Actually, Rand said, there is a certain level of intelligence in bird talk. But it's not very high.

Most people don't realize it, he said, but there are lots of talking birds besides parrots and parakeets. The starling, a favourite cage-bird of the Chinese, is as good a talker as any parakeet, he said. And the mynah, a jay-sized black starling with vivid yellow beak and head, is famous for its eloquence. The mynah, which flourishes from India to Java, also is an "admirable mimic," Rand said, with a "wide repertoire of notes, melodious, noisy and raucous."

Most Talented

But the most talented mimic of all is the mockingbird. Rand cited the case of a wild mockingbird who introduced 58 imitations in seven minutes of singing.

And a bird watcher in Boston recorded the performance of another accomplished mockingbird whose repertoire included 39 bird songs, 50 bird calls and the notes of a frog and a cricket.

Yet mockingbirds don't talk, perhaps, because they haven't been trained, Rand said. Aside from the better known talkers, ravens, crows and jays sometimes learn to say a few words. But there's nothing to the old story that you can make a crow talk by splitting its tongue, Rand said.

Can Be Associated

Sometimes, he conceded, a bird's conversation will seem to fit the occasion.

"Certain words can be associated with certain conditions and appropriate phrases can crop up in some circumstances," Rand said. "And this of course is the beginning of understanding the meaning of speech."

But this is hardly as far advanced as the understanding of a dog who learns to obey simple commands, Rand said.

"There are some stories about birds I simply don't believe," he said.

For example, the yarn about a sparrow owned by a French clergyman. The bird supposedly could recite the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments.

When wild sparrows stole its food, the trained sparrow supposedly cried out in righteous indignation:

"Thou shalt not steal!"—United Press.

BREEZY BARN

El Centro, Calif.

The University of California's Imperial Valley field station disclosed how it keeps its cows contented in the summer heat.

The cows are cooled with 42-inch electric fans that whip up a four mile an hour breeze. Field station specialist Nicholas R. Hinz said the cool cows gained 32 per cent more weight daily over their unfanned sisters.—United Press.

Man With
The
'Gift Of
Gab'

Springfield, Ill.

A truck driver took over a pay phone for some 30 hours and more than \$300 worth of long distance calls, service station operator Clarence Wendling said.

"He must have been just plain nuts," Wendling said. He said the caller, a truck driver about 35 years old, pulled his semi-trailer into the station about 11 a.m. on a Tuesday and didn't stop calling "until I kicked him out" at about 5:30 p.m. on Wednesday.

MANY STATES

The telephone calls were to persons in many states and several foreign countries, Wendling said.

"Most of his overseas calls were to Paris, France," Wendling said, where he apparently quoted poetry to someone.

"He didn't act like he was crazy when he came in here, but he sat down in one of my chairs, propped his feet on the ledge and started calling," Wendling said.

The caller sent out for sandwiches, and didn't stop calling until he was asked to leave, Wendling said.

Wendling said he cashed several checks for the caller, and obtained proper identification, but the service station operator refused to identify him.

"It might make the trucking company he was driving for look bad," he said. "They are good customers of ours."—United Press.

CUPID
BAN AT
NIGHT

Wood River, Ill.

Cupid was advised in verse by the Wood River City Council the other night that fines up to \$50 will be levied against young lovers in Belk Park.

The council passed an ordinance framed as follows: "When ye lovers shall meet in the park, ye lovers shall not speak, for the City's better reputation to maintain."

"Ye shall not gambol on the green, nor cavort in your machine, or your fine and loss will be the City's gain."

"Ye will find it rather stupid if you play around with Cupid on Belk Park's hills or roads or greens."

"Ye shall not kiss or hug or play in any close and carnal way, for if caught, a fine ye'll have to pay."—United Press.

HOUSEWIVES
BECOME
FIREMEN

Doernach, Germany. When fire breaks out in this village of 320 near Stuttgart, there are apt to be other minor fires in kitchen ovens.

The town's volunteer fire department is "manned" by 12 women.

The housewives rush to the station when the fire horn blows, sometimes leaving roasts or cakes in the oven in their haste.

The women got into the fire-fighting business because the town is usually bereft of men except on nights and Sundays.

NO INDUSTRY Doernach has no industry of its own and most of the males travel to larger towns several miles away to work.

Since the women were called to the ladders and hoses nearly two years ago, there have been no fires for them to put out.

But the fire horn sounds regularly through the streets and the church bell adds loudly to the alarm. The women like to drop their housework and practise—United Press.

WHAT CAUSES
ACCIDENTS?
No One Knows

By WALT MCGOWAN

New Haven.

THE Yale Bureau of Highway Traffic admitted that after 30 years of study it still doesn't know what causes automobile accidents.

But the State Police Traffic Division thinks it has the answer. "It's that old feeling—it can't happen to me," said Officer Frank Dowling.

FREAK MISHAPS

Dowling has investigated hundreds of smash-ups and has thousands of accident records at his fingertips in his Hartford office. He says some freak mishaps indicate that drivers "go out of their way to look for a crack-up."

Director Frederick W. Hurd of the Yale Bureau, the only one of its kind in the country, agrees that some motorists seem to beg for trouble. He asks: "What makes them shoot out into traffic without looking right or left? What made the woman driver stop on railroad tracks as a train approached, just to pick up a stray cat?"

But Hurd says, "No one has discovered the specific causes of accidents. We all know that speed and reckless driving kill thousands. But what makes one driver speed and another reckless? Why are thousands of others non-speeders and non-reckless?"

Dowling insists he knows the answer. "Probably the biggest mistake a driver can make is feeling that it can't happen to me," he says.

The officer recalls how a high school driver returning home one night with several youngsters missed a curve, killing four. "It was just a little crazy driving," explained Dowling. "The driver simply thought it couldn't happen to him."

NEEDLESS CHANCES

He added, "Too many people take needless chances. They drive too close to the car in front or drive when they are tired. They make the mistake of feeling that it won't happen to them. But they're wrong!"

Dowling grants that sometimes a driver has a logical excuse for an accident. He pointed to one who purposely sideswiped a car and rammed a highway fence, explaining, "I had a fight with my wife."

The best advice for motorists, concluded Dowling, is "drive it all the other drivers were making."—United Press.

Train Meets
Truck, And
Loses

Eric, Pa.

Engineer S. R. Reid of the Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad wondered today if a railroad's "right of way" had any meaning.

Reid was easing his coal and iron ore train along when he saw a tractor trailer coming over a crossing. He stopped his train.

Raymond Bost also stopped his big truck, with the trailer across the tracks.

THE ARGUMENT

Reid and Bost got out. Reid asked Bost to move his truck. Bost said he was on the crossing first, and was trying to make a left turn onto 12th Street.

Reid said he was on the crossing first, and was trying to make a left turn onto 12th Street. Bost said he was on the crossing first, and was trying to make a left turn onto 12th Street.

While each man argued the merits of his case, traffic backed up at the crossing. Bost finally got tired of the arguing, unlatched his trailer, left it on the tracks and sat in his cab.

PATROL CAR

About a half hour later a police patrol car zoomed up to the crossing to see what had caused traffic on both sides to back up for several blocks.

The police listened patiently to Reid and Bost and finally convinced the engineer to back up his train.

Bost hitched up his trailer and made his left turn. Police then held up the train a little while longer so the horn-blowing motorists could get on their way.—United Press.

LOVERS' SUICIDE
PACT BECAME
A FARCE

London.

A young couple unsuccessfully tried sleeping pills, a carving knife and a razor to commit suicide because the draft was going to separate them.

They told their story in court at Kendal.

Davidina Taylor, 17-year-old bride of three months, said she and her 19-year-old husband, Edmund, were "so much in love we could not bear the thought of being separated."

BEST THING "Life would be hell for me with Ed gone," she went on. "He could not take me with him and he said he could not leave me. We thought killing ourselves would be the best thing to do."

Taylor, scheduled to start his National Service, said they were "heartbroken" when he was to leave.

"We decided to take sleeping pills," he said. "But that did not seem to be working, he continued, so they slashed at their wrists with a carving knife that "turned out to be blunt."

"We then tried cutting our throat with a razor," he testified, "and that did not work either, so we headed out to a quarry planning to jump off the edge."

PICKED UP Police picked them up in the vicinity of the quarry. The officers called at Davidina's home, where the newlyweds live, in search of service-bound Taylor only to find what they described as "blood-stained bedclothes and clothing, a carving knife and a razor."

They said they then started cruising around and found Davidina and Edmund walking hand in hand in the woods in the vicinity of the quarry in question. The girl had throat wounds and the boy wrist wounds, the Court was told.

The Court placed them both on probation. When Edmund has to report for National Service, the judge ordered, the probation officer was to look out for his young wife.—United Press.

HORROR FILMS
BETTER 'DRAW
THAN SEX

London.

A British movie critic claimed that the "shake, shudder and shock" of horror films has become a better box office draw than sex.

"Semi-censored clutches between lusty lovers are still okay," columnist Bernard McElwaine wrote in the Tabloid Sunday Pictorial, "but today the really big draw is the sight of a monster gnawing at a creeping sludge slithering through the sewers to some ghastly rendezvous with death."

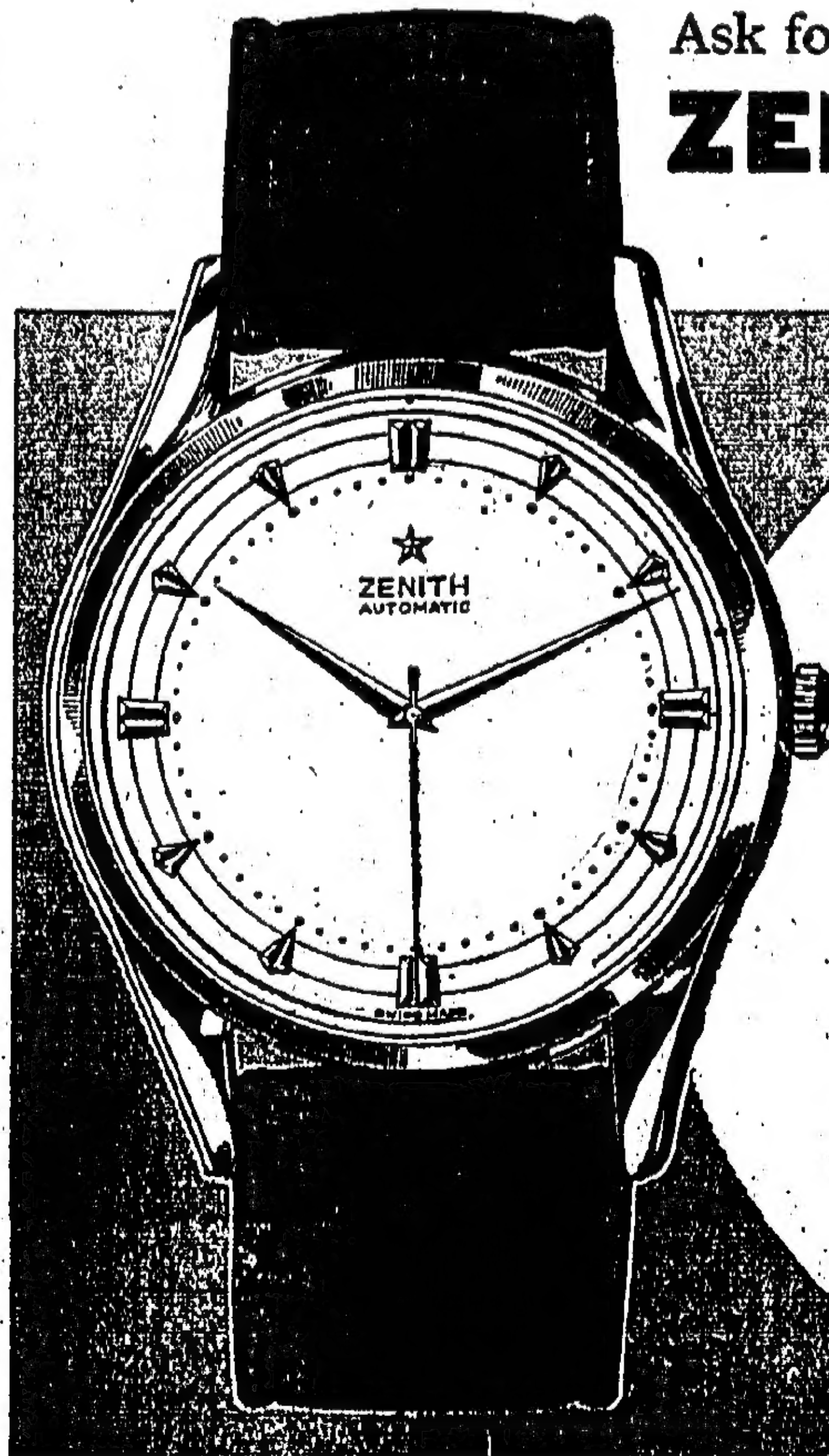
McElwaine said Hollywood was running full tilt in "the race for your shudders" and planning "I Was A Teenage Frankenstein" as a sequel to "I Was A Teenage Werewolf."

MUSH GOING "At this rate, Jayne Mansfield, Marilyn Monroe, Sophia Loren and the other big beauties are likely to wind up with rust on the bust," the columnist said. "Shake, shudder and shock is the stuff—never mind the mush."

McElwaine quoted moviegoer Derek Haldon, a Northumberland butcher, as giving the reason for the horrors growing rating:

"Horror films for me every time. If you are with your girl-friend it is ten to one she will cuddle in close for protection if she gets scared!"—United Press.

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THE MAYOR FELL IN... CHAIN AND ALL

It was the moment that all ladies from the Queen downwards dread, when they try stepping ashore from a boat.

One lady-like leg was safely on the jolly old boat as it was then the boat—a smart flag-decked launch called from behind with officials—started to drift away.

Mrs Norman Aish, wife of the Commander of the Yacht Club at Poole, did what

any woman would in the circumstances. She fell in. And it was then that the men of Poole showed what gallantry really is. Sir Walter Raleigh would have been proud of them.

First, Mr John Hillier, 42, Town Clerk of Poole. As Mrs Aish disappeared below the surface her summer dress billowing about her, he grabbed her hand and pulled.

But Mrs Aish pulled harder than he did and... spoke.

In went Mr Hillier beside her. The Mayor Councillor Arthur Lloyd-Ailes, 48, who as Admiral of Poole had just been starting Poole yacht race week, shouted: "Hold on!" He too proffered a hand. Mrs Aish grabbed it and... spoke.

In went the Mayor with chain of office and all. To the rescue came the Sheriff, Councillor Arthur Burdet. As

the Mayor went over the side he caught his right leg and hung on. Other passengers on the launch helped drag him in.

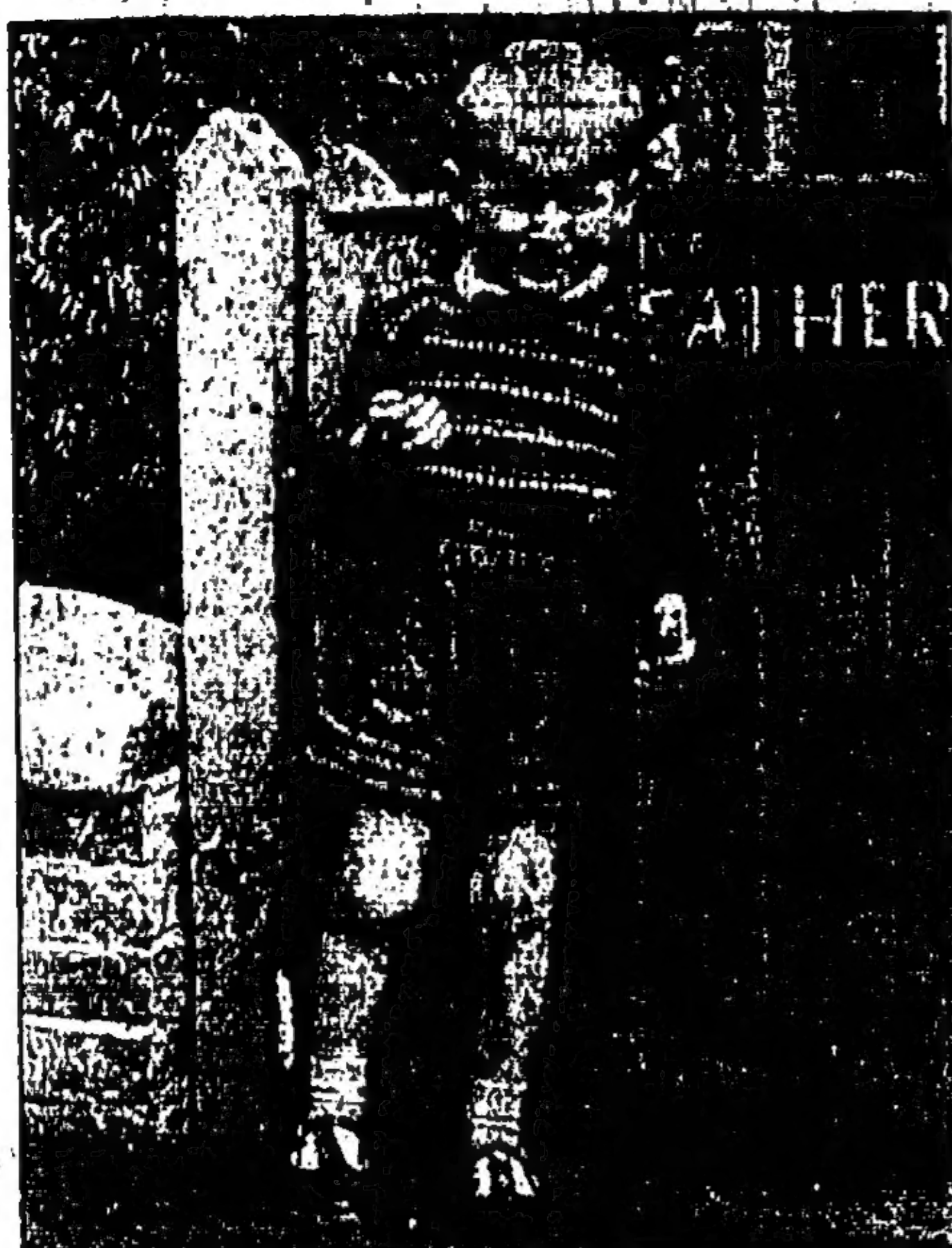
Carefully this time, they took hold of Mrs Aish and gently pulled her aboard. The town clerk swam to the jolly and hauled himself up.

He was there to steady the boat when Mrs Aish had another try at landing... this time successfully.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



After criticising the Queen's Court as "swamped by old fossils" the jazz loving 19-year-old Marquess of Londonderry was rapidly swamped by his own grandmother the Marchioness. Result... an exemplary apology which shows that a rash young Irish Peer may not have much brain, but has excellent manners still. Express



Richard Reluga (4), son of a Polish diplomat who has just been given political asylum in Britain. His mother and two-year-old sister have returned to Poland. BELOW: Another refugee, 12-year-old Maria Bronislawa arrives to meet the mother she had not seen for 10 years. She came to England after a decision in her mother's favour by a Polish divorce court. The mother is now a Rochdale mill worker. Express

British sculptor Henry Moore, the man who makes stones look more like stones than stones, promises a massive "reclining figure", the biggest thing he has yet attempted, (see page 5). He plans to complete the job in six months, starting work on a 100-ton marble block near Rome, and polishing off the 30-ton remains in Paris. The model—"something that will blend well with the very modern architecture"—is almost complete. Express



British-born Hollywood actress Joan Simmons has been chosen as "Miss National Home Week of America" because of the distinctive home she and husband Stewart Granger have made on their 10,000-acre ranch in Arizona. But the picture here was taken in Britain where the sofa doesn't seem to have anything so very un-Victorian about it. Express



Not so fine for Valentine! Alf—27-year-old spin bowler of the West Indies Test team stooped for a ball hit by batsman Garry Sobers at the practice nets in Birmingham. Another ball hit the first in a hard drive to bounce up and fracture his nose. Apart from spilling his cricket the blow made a double difficulty. Alf can't put his spectacles on. Express



Pascale Robert, film actress who is known in her native France as "the shape that wiggles" arrives in London to discuss a new film. She is pictured here showing how she discusses the parts she plans to play. Express



Another shooter for grouse, Mr Harold Macmillan. (Note that he shoots left-handed) The shoot over Lord Swinton's coverts bagged 240 birds altogether. The ground is some of the roughest in the country, and reckoned by Lord Swinton to be the best grouse moor in Yorkshire. Express

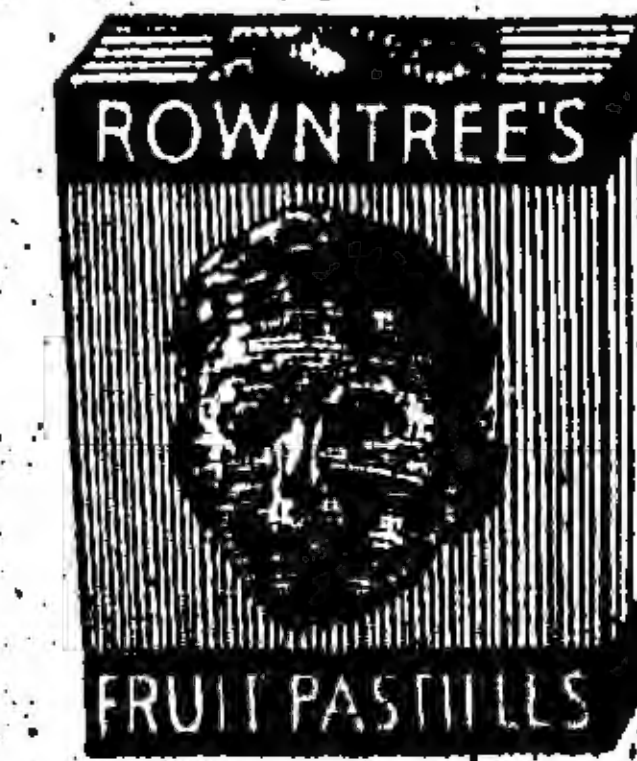


Diana Dors, and constant companion Tommy Yardey—a tough guy film actor who never seems to have a film to act in—soon arriving back suddenly from Rome. No reason given for the sudden flight from filming. RIGHT: DON JUAN, Pretender to the throne of Spain arrives in Britain for the grouse (the kind you shoot) with his daughter the Infanta Maria del Pilar. Express

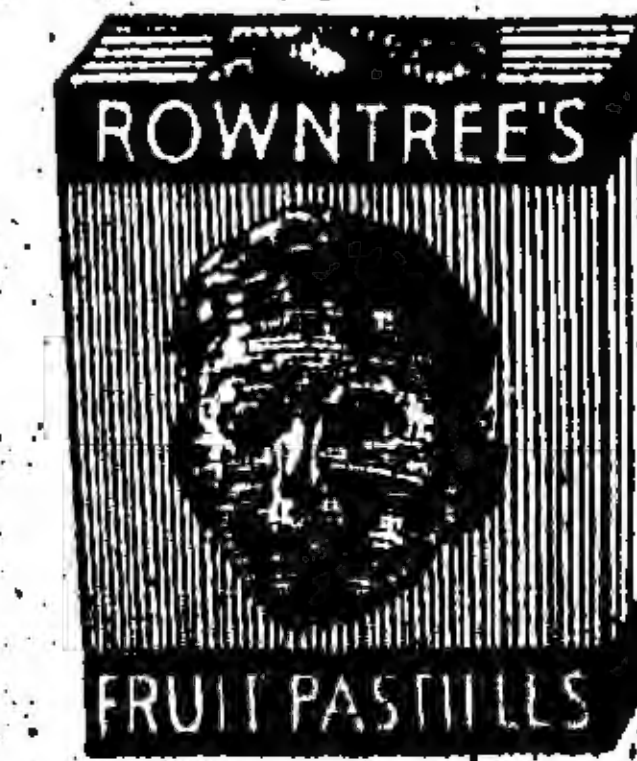


LEFT: Some of Britain's Bristol Bloodhounds, now in full production as a ground to air guided missile. Express

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



News From Britain

"A striking lack of sympathy"

By LES ARMOUR

MR Herbert Morrison, once the almost legendary hero of the Labour Party, and now, certainly, the grand old man of Socialism, has been giving his colleagues a searching look.

He has been digesting the party's manifesto on public ownership and he has discovered, at least once, what he calls "a striking lack of sympathy with the consumer."

These are hard words and he backs them by examining the party's policy on the coal industry. He considers—as everyone does—that the mining industry had a duty to save the "old crude evils" which afflicted the miners.

But he notes that constant increases in coal prices have hit the domestic consumer hard. "Merely to say in such circumstances that the mining industry had a duty to save the 'old crude evils' which afflicted the miners."

No Answer

Socialist theoreticians, of course, have been mulling over this problem for quite a time and Mr Morrison's comments are merely strong evidence that there is considerable dissatisfaction in the party over the fact that no answer seems to have been forthcoming.

The problem is that any political party's policy must, in the end, be tailored to meet the demands of popular pressure. Voters are strongly organized into producer groups. That applies to innumerable and labour.

But nowhere is there—or is there likely to be—any strong organisation of consumers capable of exerting political pressure. Nor is it easy to convince voters that the policies they demand as producers are likely to hurt them as consumers.

In any nationalised industry, there are two forces to be placated: the government, which demands production of a certain sort, and trade unions, who are in a position to fix wages and conditions.

Governments are in a particularly vulnerable position when trade unions take the offensive—even though the control of nationalised industries is formally in the hands of quasi-independent boards. If they yield to the trade unions, they may annoy the consumers, but if they do not, the resultant industrial strife will almost certainly annoy many more voters.

It is partly for this reason that Mr Gaitskell is continuing to campaign vigorously—despite considerable opposition—for his plan to abandon outright nationalisation as a future policy and substitute the purchase of stock in private companies.

In this way, the public should be able to enjoy some of the proceeds of successful industry without becoming a necessary weak party to industrial disputes.

Solution

The Archbishop of Canterbury has come up with a solution to the problem of inflation.

The problem, he says, is really a "moral" one and the solution is to be found in "honest work, thrift, unselfishness, service to one another, instead of strife."

The difficulty, as the political scientists and the economists point out, is that the Archbishop is both right and wrong.

Greed and gluttony, the two sins of economic men, are, of course, at the bottom of the problem. So, indeed, is that little mentioned deadly sin, sloth.

But the difficulty is that the great forces which shape a modern industrial society are largely impersonal. The economic system under which we live is founded upon competition. The trade union movement exists purely to exert industrial force. The assumption that that force is needed is the whole reason for its existence.

Before the Archbishop's advice could be heeded the whole of the economic organisation would have to be altered radically. And the trouble is that no other economic system seems to have come any nearer to achieving the Kingdom of Heaven.

By Appointment

A butcher in Cowes, disturbed by the number of "By Appointment to Her Majesty" crests displayed by his fellow tradesmen, has put out his own sign. It reads: "Purveyor to Her Majesty's Subjects."



"I don't think Lord Altrincham would go a lot on Nobby's delivery of speech about Lord Londonderry."
(With apologies for using the pictorial beauty of some of the transport drivers I met in Lancashire last week.)

TO UNESCO ART— £68,000 METAL TREE IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN (etc.)

From SYDNEY SMITH

Paris. A THOUSAND-FOOT-SQUARE ceramic mural by Picasso and a 10-ton marble "reclining figure" by Henry Moore are part of a £68,000 decoration budget for Unesco's new H.Q.

In the three acres of Japanese gardens of the £2,000,000 Paris headquarters will stand a two-sided "mobile" by American abstract artist Alexander Calder.

"It will look like a big, black metal tree growing propellers," said one Unesco official. "It has been cast in Germany."

10 artists

The United Nations Economic, Social and Cultural Organisation's "built in" art, designed and selected to go with its seven-story, Y-shaped headquarters, is to be carried out by ten internationally-known artists.

Six chosen so far are Picasso, Moore, Calder, a Spanish artist, Joan Miro (whose Christian name is a corruption of "Juan"), who will do a 240ft. square ceramic mural, Japanese landscape artist Isamu Noguchi, and a French abstract sculptor Jean Arp, who is planning a decorative panel of bronze geometric forms.

The other four artists, still to be chosen, will decorate the seventh-floor bars, restaurant and terraces.

One of them is expected to be Mexican "revolutionary group" artist Tamayo. Says Unesco: "We think £68,000 is a very modest item in the whole budget. The artists are doing this work for us at nominal prices."

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"By Jove, I'd give a lot to see young Altrincham in my shoes right now!"

The Loneliest Man in the World

by CHAPMAN PINCHER

MAJOR David Simons, a U.S. Air Force doctor, has become the first man to spend 24 hours in what is virtually space—19 miles above the earth in a balloon.

He did it partly to test out equipment but mainly to discover how well his own brain could stand up to a strange and unsuspected hazard which scientists are calling "space sickness."

Experiments on the ground have revealed that when the human brain is isolated from all sensations which normally keep it alert—sounds, the changing scene, smells, and touches—it behaves in a berserk way.

Deprived of stimulation it relapses into day-dreaming and within a few hours these dreams become so realistic that they are confused with reality itself.

Spots appear before the eyes to be soon replaced by swirling patterns which finally resolve into full-blown hallucinations.

The images may sway and tilt in a way which brings on physical sickness.

Strains

DURING lucid moments the person under ordeal may become irritable and depressed, periodically blanking out so that he is unable to think coherently at all.

Cramped in a silver capsule suspended on the fringe of space, 34-year-old David Simons has been subjected to these peculiar conditions.

Everything there is silent except for the occasional radio contact with the earth. Below the blackness of the sky the hazy outlines of the earth seem changeless.

Unseen hands

COULD Simons' brain remain sufficiently in contact with reality for him to carry out his tests and take the action which would bring his giant plastic balloon back to earth?

Doctors who had carried out the ground experiments feared that after a few hours of such utter loneliness he might be so hallucinated that he would hear voices or feel himself touched by unseen hands.

Men sitting in sound-proof rooms, wearing goggles, ear-plugs, and with cardboard cylinders covering their hands soon showed such alarming symptoms of mental disorder that the experiments had to be stopped.

There was a chance that Simons might develop the sensation of being unconnected with his own body—which scientists have described as a feeling of "otherness."

At this stage he would not be far from temporary mental breakdown and might be unable to escape by parachute if anything went wrong with the balloon.

A nap

THE messages relayed to earth by Simons—"I am feeling fine," "I took an hour's nap in the night"—show that perhaps the scientists have over-estimated the dangers of the "brain barrier" to space flight in the same way that they exaggerated sound-barrier hazards.

The grounded scientists receiving his signals reported that after 20 hours he was operating at "peak efficiency."

Of course Simons had some distraction because of the photographs he had to take, the dials he had to read and his radio messages to the ground.

And it may be that because he has worked on the problems of space flight for years he is

individually resistant to "space sickness."
Cosmic rays

SCIENTISTS believe that a man's ability to endure flight in space will depend on the chance construction of his brain. Just as some pilots can stand up to the stress of high-speed jet flight while others have to be grounded for psychological reasons beyond control.

But they will be astonished if Simons emerges from his adventure, which is colourfully called Project Man High, with no severe signs of emotional strain.

Even mice and monkeys which have been deprived of normal sensation for many hours have shown signs of mental disturbance for days, and sometimes weeks.

There is also a risk that physical injury may show up later.

At 10 miles the super-speed particles called cosmic rays cause tissue damage when they strike the body. An unlucky hit on the most sensitive part of the retina could cause partial blindness.

But the fact that as an aviation research doctor he knows all about "space sickness" is a measure of the exceptional courage he has displayed to become the first man in history to spend a day and night on the frontier of space.

B.R.M. BID FOR A SILVERSTONE TRIUMPH

'White Elephant' Race Car Should Be Winner At Last

by ROBERT GLENTON

THE B.R.M., for 10 years the most expensive white elephant motor racing has ever known, is going to be a winner at last.

I predict this with certainty, although I know only one man who will support me. He is John Behra, who drove the B.R.M. to its first Grand Prix victory at Caen recently.

Behra, who, with Stirling Moss, lies fifth among the car races for the world championship, has great faith in the car. Even more than its sponsors, who have been battered by season after season of complete failure, by jeering and sneering.

RUMOUR KILLED

Every top-line racing driver whom I have spoken to and who has tried it out has described the car as a killer. There have been many awkward situations when men have refused to drive it.

But Raymond Mays and Peter Berthon, the men most responsible for the car, are happier with it now than they have ever been.

They have almost completely solved the powerful and fast B.R.M.'s worst snag... its suspension.

"We have got somewhere at last," Raymond Mays told me. "We are still modifying. Behra made only slight criticisms after the Grand Prix at Caen, and those are being attended to."

I can kill a rumour, Alfred Owen, the rich industrialist who backs the B.R.M., will not be taking his money out of the concern at the end of the season.

Indeed, a lone B.R.M. is being sent to Monza for the Italian Grand Prix. The main reason is to test the fitness of Tony Floodchart, the team driver who was injured recently.

TWO AT LEAST

At least two B.R.M.s will be at Silverstone for the Dally Express International meeting on Saturday, September 14.

HOW LONG CAN A MAN GO ON HATING?

by MERRICK WINN

I DID not see the man with the gun, but he was there all right. He was there, unobtrusive, in the West End hotel, because he goes everywhere Victor Riesel goes.

And Victor Riesel, a very brave American reporter, is now in London.

He could not see the man with the gun either. He does not see anyone.

He did not see me, across the table. But he could hear me, and he heard me ask the question he had never been asked before, even though at first he did not seem to.

It was an awkward question. It was this: How long do you go on hating the people who take your sight away? How long do you go on needing revenge?

Stalling

IT is now 10 months since Riesel, columnist-campaigner for 15 years against the hoodlums invading American trades unions, had cold tossed to his face.

The acid that missed scorched holes in the pavement. Most of it did not miss. Now Victor Riesel's once-brown eyes flicker uselessly behind dark glasses.

Now he has two armed guards in New York, all day and all night; and now he has one armed guard in Europe, on this his first reporting assignment since he was blinded.

So he considered my question. He felt around for the ashtray, carefully. Stalling. He said: "I've never been asked quite this question before—this is the first time I have ever tried to express my inner feelings."

He said: "Look, you don't hate. Before it happened I'd have expected to go on hating for ever. But it's not like that. It's no use."

His struggle

HE said: "I don't want this to sound corny. My biggest struggle hasn't been against blindness. It's inconvenient, but you learn to ignore it."

"The real struggle is against hate and longing for vengeance. And I decided hate could corrode me more than any acid; I decided the hoodlums could rob me of sight but they weren't going to take away the warmth of my life."

Then I mentioned the name of Johnny Dio, New York gangster accused of planning the acid blinding. Riesel grinned healthily.

He said: "Oh, I hate them all, don't doubt it. But it's not a snarling obsession. It's a hate that I hope will help finish them off. But finish them, not me. That's the difference."

His hope

VICTOR RIESEL, 42, has a chance of getting some sight back. He is soon to have grafting operations on his right eye (the left is hopeless).

"I'll never be able to read again," he said. "But I may be able to see faces and shapes. That will be nice, I think. I salute a memorable man. I hope soon he will be able to see the man with the gun. But I hope more he will not need the man with the gun, because his hate has helped to flush 'that' out."

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RIOTS FLARE IN THE PACIFIC ISLANDS... A PRISONER IS KILLED...

One man against the mob... and the cry is Vengeance



"As I looked at that yelling mob, it came to me that, whatever else might happen, this must be the end of my career..."

AMONG the duties of the Resident Commissioner in the Gilbert Islands was the settlement of strikes among the labourers employed by the British Phosphate Commissioners on Ocean Island. These disputes were frequent, and often arose through the animosity between the native Gilbertese Islanders and the hundreds of imported Chinese coolies.

Between yellow and brown there was constant friction; and for many years only a small railway line used for the transport of phosphate separated the Chinese compound from the living quarters of the Gilbertese.

That was not nearly enough for peace of mind between two races of men who withdrew from each other every evening, savage from having had to work cheek by jowl throughout the day.

For an Oriental, deeply sensitive to loss of physical dignity, the school-boy horsingplay of the Islanders—the upsticking of a wheelbarrow, the spilling of a paint pot, the fogging of an elbow, the uproarious bargaining around—made his working day a nightmare.

Strikes against the police

THESE incidents would be followed by unrepentant insults to the Gilbertese, which called for instant bloodletting.

Anxious times came for all of us when the Chinese coolies hit on the idea of striking work to secure attention to their grievances against the Gilbertese police.

Not that they ever brought a charge against an innocent man; they had no need to do that, for although our Ellice Islanders and Fijians could be trained to the patient perfection of London's own Metropolitan force, our Gilbertese—alas—had not their marvellous restraint under provocation, and too often manhandled abusive coolies.

I failed so often to satisfy them as an arbitrator, or to understand the hidden ways of their thought or to get them within a mile of understanding what I liked to regard as the open ways of mine, that I came at last to believe there could be no possible bridge of shared sentiment over which they and I might ever approach one another across the abyss of our mutual ignorance.

I saw my mistake too late

YET, in the long run, it was the generous sensitiveness of their response to a purely private gesture of mine that settled the most serious anti-police strike I ever had to face.

This strike never would have happened, I'm sure, if Stuartson Methven had still been O.C. police and prisons there. But he had lately been sent, as district officer, to Fanning and Washington Islands, 1,000 miles eastward of the Gilberts, and I was under orders to hold down his job at headquarters as well as that of my chief, Reggie McGilvray, until further notice.

That was in itself a dangerous arrangement. With all the racial tension there was, I

should have been wise to forget for the moment that I was acting resident commissioner and give all my time to police and prisons. But I tried to do both jobs and saw my mistake only too late, when Sergeant-Major Taitusi came to report the madness of Corporal Teakal.

Teakal was at that time the sole Gilbertese N.C.O. in the police force, the rest being Fijians and Ellice Islanders. Through all his eleven years of service he had had a name for gentleness. It was because of his known patience that we put him and nobody else in charge of Chinese prisoners' working parties.

He snatched the rope away

YET Sergeant-Major Taitusi had caught him flogging one poor, weedy little coolie before him up the precipitous bush track that led from the beach to the prison yard. His weapon was a tarred rope-end; his victim had a heavy load of sand hoisted on his shoulder.

Taitusi sprang forward to snatch the rope from Teakal's hand. Teakal resisted. In the tussle that followed the prisoner quietly dropped his load to the ground and slipped away into the dense bush. The sun set 20 minutes later. We searched in vain for the missing man through the whole of the following week.

During that time Teakal stood his trial. There could be no defence for what he had done, but Chinese witnesses proved beyond doubt that it was his only offence of the kind. Also, he was the only man in the Colony who held a medal for

• This series is adapted from *Return to the Islands*, to be published by John Murray (1958).

life-saving from the Royal Humane Society.

I felt too small a man myself to decide out of hand that these things, together with all his years of perfect service, should be passed over as though they had never been because of that single hour's madness that had seized him on the hillside.

So I gave him his own choice between dismissal with three months' imprisonment on one hand and reduction to the third grade of constable with a flogging from his sergeant-major on the other.

He chose the second, and next morning, took his punishment with fortitude and dignity from Taitusi. We were able to get him transferred to another island within the next few days. He never returned to Ocean Island.

Three days after he was gone we found the escaped prisoner. He had been hiding in the desolation of a dug-out mining area, a wilderness of blazing rocks where never a blade of green could grow for cover from the sun's blistering glare.

Trapped in the blazing sun

THINGS had gone fairly easily for him at first, nevertheless, for he had been able to feed with his friends at night in the Chinese location and stay hidden with them until the dark before dawn.

But on the third or fourth morning, scrambling down steep crags back into his hiding place, he had a fall which, though it broke no bones, so terribly bruised and wrenched his frail body that he could no longer walk.

He had lain trapped and starving and played raw in the furnace heat of that inferno for five days before our search patrols found him. His bruises were found to have gone gangrenous when he was brought to hospital. He died a day or two later.

His death was the signal for an instant strike by the Chinese labourers. A deputation told

the manager that they would remain out until repatriated unless the Government agreed to their terms.

The terms were that the whole police force, as a gesture of contrition for what they called Teakal's murder of their comrade, should follow the dead man's body to the graveside with uniforms stripped of buttons, badges, stripes, or any other kind of distinguishing mark.

The manager referred this ultimatum to me. His note arrived just as all the strikers came streaming up the hillside to surround our lonely office, and as our Chinese interpreter put it: "to plead aloud for reasonable conference with some honourable representative of the Government."

Demand could not be met

AS I looked over the verandah rail at that yelling mob, it came to me that, whatever else might happen, this must be the end of my official career.

A man was dead who would have been alive but for his escape from prison—who would never have wanted to escape but for the savagery of a policeman—who could not have suffered that savagery had I, the man in charge, been 100 per cent on my job.

Yet, responsible as the Government had become through me, there could be no question of accepting either their mistaken charge of murder or their half-malicious, half-piteous plan to humiliate the police.

Not even the ghost of a compromise on those two points was possible, and as surely as I ruled them out of court, the strike would be there. There would probably be riots, too, judging from the temper of the crowd already.

They watched me in silence

THERE was a boulder-strewn space overarched by coconut palms on the hillside below the office. While the interpreter invited them to meet me there, I walked down to a shaded rock a little higher than the

rest. They let me through in silence, but making only just room for passageway.

I shall remember until I die the sear of phosphate dust and sweat that closed around me in those moments. All the crude toll and poverty of their lives seemed summed up in it.

I was wrong with a sudden, shamed sense of the gross handicaps they suffered, the cushioned ease of my own lot. It did nothing to lighten my feeling of personal guilt towards them and the dead man as I waited for everyone to find seats.

They said they say quietly to begin with; but it was hopeless from the start; since leaving the manager, their committee had stiffened the terms: in addition to the humiliation of the police, they now required the recall of Teakal and his trial for murder.

We argued round that single point quite uselessly for two hours, I doing nothing but explain why I couldn't agree, they retorting with ever-mounting clamour that nothing but a murder trial would satisfy them.

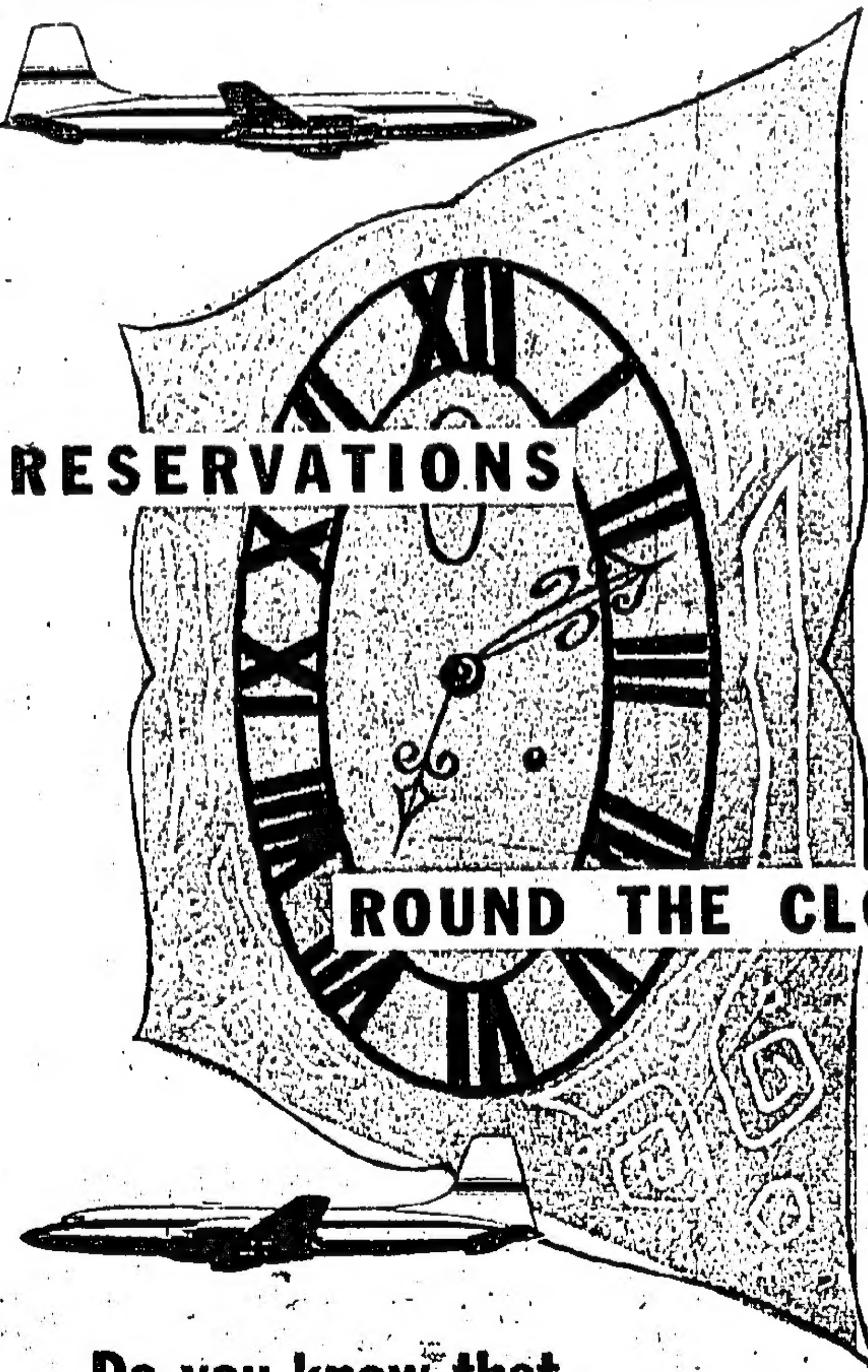
All on their feet together

WE had not even begun on the matter of the funeral when a wild fellow whom we called Peter the Painter leaped from his seat, yelled at the rest to follow him, and started to walk off. They were all on their feet together then, screaming at the interpreter with brandished fists.

"Sir," he said to me, his voice bland, his manner unperturbed, "this would seem to be a serious emergency. The saying of something of a highly constructive kind at once is indicated, if it happens to occur to Your Honour," and, without pausing for an answer, he raised his voice to a siren screech, bidding them be seated.

They obeyed him. I hadn't a word more to say about their terms. I was sick to death of the argument. My mind was already resigned to the strike and its consequences, whatever they might be. The only thing I did want to say was something entirely personal.

(Continued on Page 7)



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...HOW CAN THE PRICE BE PAID WITHOUT MORE BLOODSHED?

Did a demon pounce on a fugitive in the moonlight?

SO THEY SAID AFTERWARDS
—BUT THE INTERPRETER
GAVE ME A SLY GRIN...

It was that, strike or no strike, I was as grieved as they were at the death of their friend, because I felt that my negligence had indirectly led to it. Though I couldn't, as head of the Government, do as they demanded, I could at least make a private grief-offering of all the fireworks they thought necessary for a happy funeral, if they would allow me to do so.

I did know how much they valued fire-crackers at funerals; but the idea of bribing them back to work with such an offer was so far from my mind that I got up to leave as soon as the interpreter had finished talking.

I wasn't surprised when the whole crowd sprang up, with renewed clamour. They were evidently yelling their contempt of me and my cracker. "No wonder!" I thought, sick at heart. "It must have sounded pretty cheap to them."

The mob races down the hill

I HAD turned on my heel to get out when a bunch of them, headed by Peter the Painter, surged forward through the shouting mob. It looked like instant trouble. "What now?" I asked the interpreter, turning back to stand my ground as shakily as you like to imagine.

In the same second, Peter the Painter stopped ten feet short of me, screamed a few words through the din with his arm raised high as if to strike, then suddenly swerved left and led the whole mob of them, except for two men, at a gallop down the hillside.

The interpreter turned to me in a convulsion of high-pitched, expressionless sniggers. "The organising committee paused before leaving to tell your free is like a looking-glass," he explained when he could manage to speak.

I had expected some sort of insult, but definitely not this contemptuous comment on my looks topped off with his shameless, open amusement. "And you dare to stand there giggling while they march off to play hell in the settlement!" I began. "Why you..."

But he let me go no further. "Excuse me, excuse me. No hell whatever in settlement. My giggles the laughter of congratulation. Looking-glass face! high expression of Chinese esteem. Courteous gift of crackers-money is graciously accepted; these two men are waiting to receive same from your hands."

They returned to work this same day. There was no more anti-strike on Ocean Island while Peter the Painter remained there.

From strikes to parties and their consequences...

Spirited Encounter

WHEN the average Gilbertese islander of 30 years ago came to while away a few months in prison, his main idea as a rule was to settle down to a lovely, long, well-fed rest from the grim task of food-getting for his family. No such insults to his intelligence as barbed wire were needed to keep him put.

Thus, the less home-loving Chinese could, and did, escape from confinement practically whenever they liked.

But although this did, as you will see, have a strong connection with my behaviour coming home from the manager's party, it wasn't the thing that actually drove me to drink while acting for Reggie McCure.

You might say that a microbe imported by Chinese labourers was mainly to blame. I never

saw a new draft of recruits from Hongkong that omitted to bring with it an influenza germ of peculiar malignance.

When the newcomers landed the order of events never varied. Almost at once the entire population of Gilbertese labourers would disappear into hospital.

A week or so later, the British Phosphate Commissioners' staff of 50-odd Europeans would succumb en masse with their wives and families.

A matter of dignity...

THE 1,100 Ocean Islanders in their beautiful villages would follow. Last of all, when everyone else had forgotten what it felt like to be ill, came the turn of the wretched little government staff.

And infallibly, at this point, the manager of the phosphate concern would decide to celebrate his complete return to health with a grand dinner-party.

So things fell out about three weeks before Reggie was due to return from leave. The manager's invitation came and was accepted at a moment when my wife Olivia and I were the only representatives of his Majesty's local dignity still able to get up and stand on it. But by the date of the party Olivia was down with the usual fever and bone-ache (the thing was very like dengue); nobody else on the station was yet back on his feet; and I was obviously sickening for a nice little go of my own.

My temperature was over 100, and I shouldn't have thought twice about calling the fixture off under ordinary conditions. But I felt that Reggie, himself a model of official courtesy, might well be annoyed if he found that not even the man acting for him had made an effort to attend.

Olivia told me from her bed of pain not to be an idiot, but I was set on going; so she said at last, oh well, if I had to be officially official about it I had better fortify myself with a drop of the right stuff for a start and go on keeping up my strength with whatever I could lay my hands on as the evening proceeded.

A couple of whiskies before I left more than justified the first part of her advice. Their effect on me was all the more bracing, I suppose, because at that age I hardly ever touched spirits. They sent me off humming gay little tunes along the lonely way to the manager's house.

Another helpful thing they did (for that evening at least) was to break down the queasy dislike I had for dry martinis and that grossly overrated leverage, champagne. Two or three of the former before dinner put me into fine shape for a methodical attack on the latter as soon as the excellent sherry they gave us had been faithfully dealt with. Some superb brandy when the ladies retired and I forgot how many Scotchies for the road at about 10.30 set me on my homeward path. If not in fact, entirely cured of my temperature, at least too free from care to give a hoot whether I had one or not.

I remember, still the chaste clarity, the shining happiness of my impressions as I floated home through the moonlight. I remember how the black and silver trees, and the great amethyst cloud galleons, and the darling honeysuckle stars between them, and the pale green streaks and stones that rolled beneath my feet seemed to murmur and ripple, and twinkle, and tinkle all together in an ecstasy of being that sang in perfect unison with my own as I climbed the craggy hillside.

I remember dancing like a faun out on a grassy plain over a 40ft. ravine that seemed me silly when sober.

I remember stopping on the other side to stand and gaze by a twisted rock, laughing for delight at the queer shadow it



I leaped from behind the rock... he gave a high-pitched scream and fled.

threw and trying to strike the same attitude, and falling and falling again, and laughing anew each time for the exultant fun of being myself and not my flickering, futile shadow.

Brimming over with affection

THE thing I really don't remember rightly is my motive for popping behind that rock when I saw the little Chinese figure creeping round a bend of the bush track ahead.

I know, of course, that he could be up to no good. Though compound fences were forbidden, the Chinese and Gilbertese labourers were supposed to stay inside their respective bounds after dark. But I must admit I wasn't troubling much about that kind of thing just then. I was simply brimming over with human affection, and I thought he was too. Why, after all, probe deeper than that for motive?

"You funny ol', naughty ol', poor ol' boy!" I crooned towards him as he came sneaking nearer. "Caught in the act! But remember, iss only good ol' Grumble!" And to convince him beyond all reasonable doubt of my pleasure at this meeting, I leaped out from behind the rock with whoopee after glad whoopee of friendship, and arms flung high, rushed forward to embrace him there in that moonlit pathway.

I shall never forget the ungraciousness of his response. He stopped in his tracks; his hands flew up, clawing at his cheeks; his mouth fell open; he screamed a high-pitched, high-pitched scream when I was almost on top of him, then turned and hurried himself back along the way he had come.

The disappointment of it knocked all the sparkle out of me. I had no heart for chasing anyone who did not want my friendship. I sent a single wistful howl of farewell speeding in his wake and trudged the rest of the way home in melancholy silence.

The double doors of our bedroom were wide open to the verandah when I reached the residence, and I should easily have got to bed without disturbing my poor sick wife but for an architect's silly, practical joke.

A batton of wood for the outside doors to close against in

bad weather—a rain-stopper, I believe it was called—was nailed to the floor across the entrance. It had never been known to decay by an instant the flooding of the room in westerly squalls, but there it lurked, waiting for feet like mine to find it. Olivia woke with a shock as all my bones hit the floor together.

I comforted her bravely from the dark: "Issaliri, my dear, issaliri! Iss only ol' Grumble come 'ome."

Reassured, she sank into sleep again. But to me, as I lay gathering my forces, there came—I can't think why—a sudden, overwhelming need to brush my hair. I rolled over on my back, groped upwards with one hand from where I lay, found the brush, jerked the runner off the dressing table and brought its crockery, crashing in ruin about my head.

Olivia woke with another shriek. There was a distinct touch of temper in it this time. "Are you by any chance tight?" she asked me, rather cruelly I thought.

I woke up the next morning without a trace of fever and free of the smallest symptom of a hangover. The moral of this is that you can get a lot of good out of the creature if your limits are as moderate as mine were; and that is the proper climax of the story, but not the end of the record.

The flicker of an eyelid

AS soon as I was dressed I went down to the police barracks for a talk with the Chinese interpreter and Sergeant-major Taltus. These illicit excursions of coolies from their locations must be stopped, I told them severely, after giving a rather modified rendering of my adventure.

There was a faint smile on the interpreter's face that I didn't much like. "Sir," he asked in his punctilious style, "is it possible that the evil fellow who escaped from your detaining hand last night, was identical with the no-good convicted felon found missing from his prison cell at 10.44, and sought by us in vain until 10.50?"

"How should I know, man?" I replied irritably. "And while we're on it, why the deuce did you give up looking for him at 10.50?"

"Because at that time, precisely, sir, he returned to us

and desired with fearful pleadings to be locked up again." I strongly hoped he would let it go at that, but he went on: "He deposed to the effect that an insane white man with the face of a devil pursued him 'through the bush with obvious intent to maim or murder.' " "Why, the dirty liar!" I began indignantly, but his smooth voice continued as if he hadn't spoken. "—after due consideration, Sergeant-major Taltus and I are of the opinion that it was not a white man whom he saw, but one of the dangerous rock demons who are

known to infest this island. There is a certain similarity."

Did his wicked old eyelid flicker at me or not? I have never been sure. But I agreed with him heartily and suggested that, as the poor fellow had had such a fright we might with decency forbear to pursue the little matter of his temporary escape any further. "That would indeed seem very just and proper," he answered urbanely. So the matter ended there.

CONCLUDED

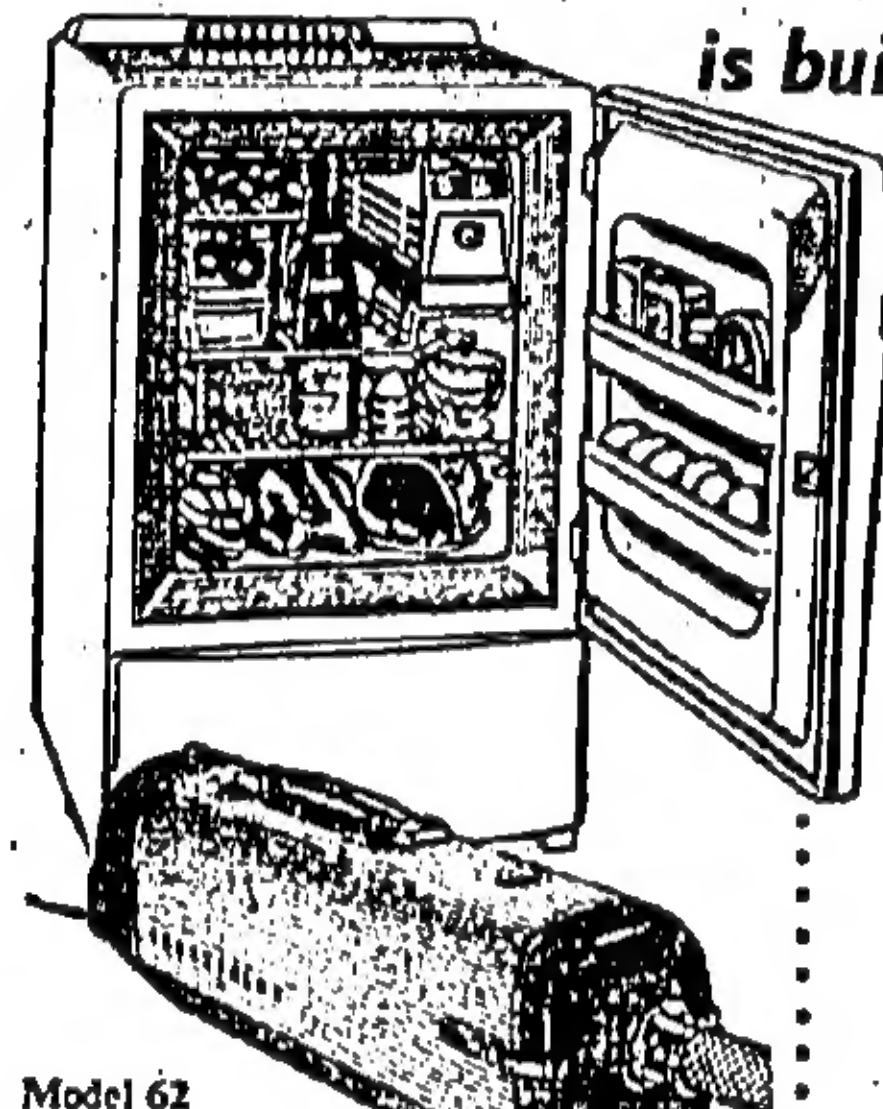
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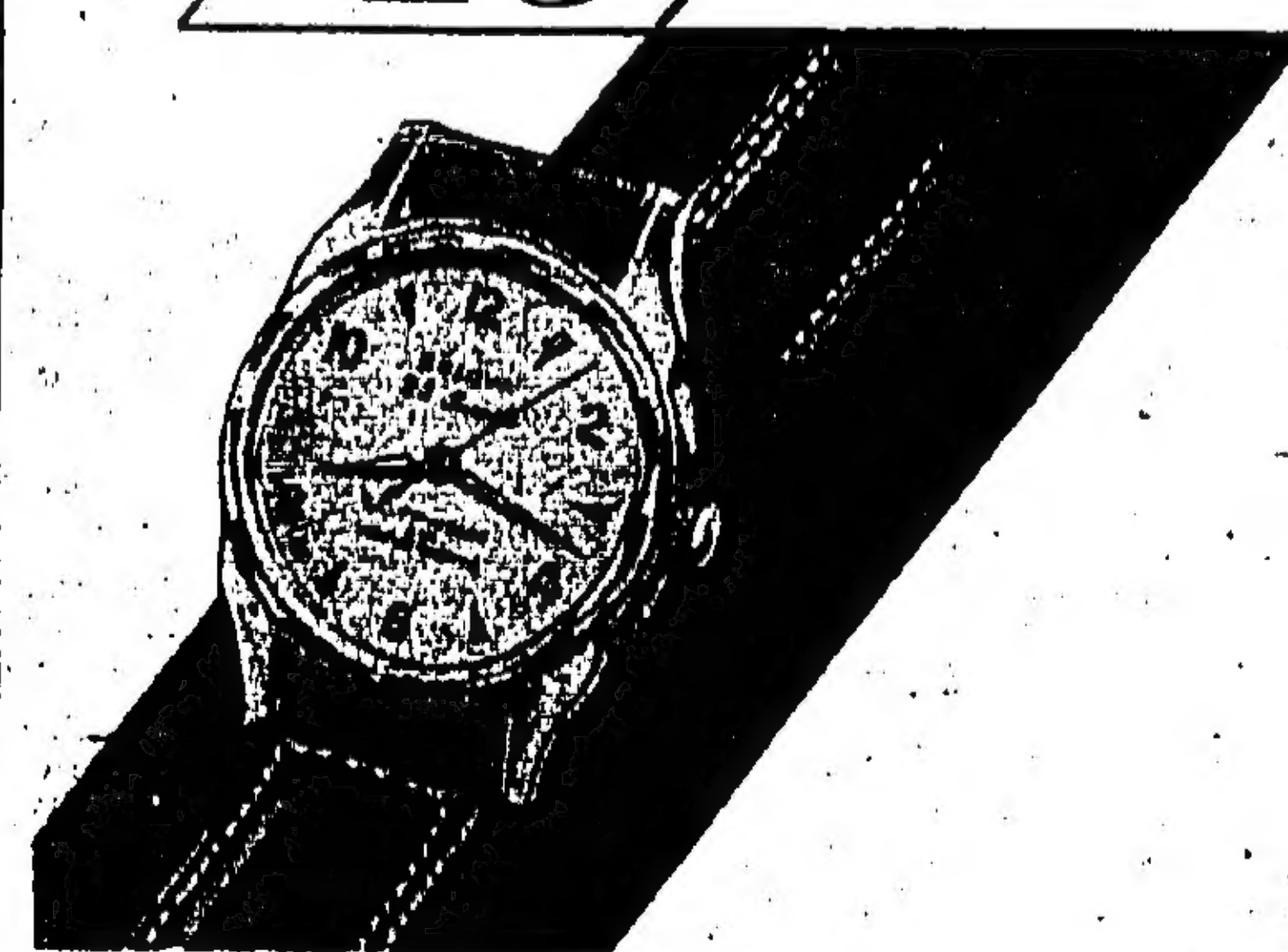
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The Sylvia Ashley story... the ghost that haunted Mrs. Gable...

LOCKED OUT OF HER HOME BY HUSBAND No. 4

WHERE NOW? The woman who has been Lady Ashley, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Lady Stanley of Alderley, Mrs. Clark Gable, and (currently) Princess Djordjadze came back last week to London, to the

AS Hollywood-bound planes fly over the desert, towards the peaks between Nevada and California, a sear on the mountainside is visible.

It is never pointed out to you—but I have seen it myself twice.

It is the spot where the beautiful Carole Lombard perished one January evening in 1952 when returning by plane from a War Bond tour.

Clark Gable, her husband, was preparing a welcome on his 22-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

When they told him she was dead he went to pieces. Gable's love affair with Lombard had been something unique in Hollywood. He adored her. And she, though basically a boulevard girl, had learned to hunt and ride and shoot and sleep on hard ground just to please him.

A SHRINE

THOUGH his secretary denies the story, many friends say that after Carole's death Gable closed her bedroom, confining it with all her things untouched, just as she left them. The perfume bottles, the brushes, even a splash of powder on the dressing table.

To forget her, he joined the Air Force, serving in Europe. Then, back once again in Hollywood, he

SO LIKE

He was lonely, and the great empty ranch-house made him lonelier. The well-stocked bar, the five bathrooms, the huge portrait of Carole in the main room, everything reminded him of what he had lost.

Then he met Sylvia. For the likeness to Carole Lombard was extraordinary.

It was at a New York party given by Elsa Maxwell. Sylvia had been a square dance together.

She looked particularly beautiful that night, and Gable

town where she started her climb from obscurity into the international set.

Now, with her fifth marriage in ruins, Sylvia Ashley is alone, once more. What have the glittering years given her?

was intrigued. But nothing came of it, because Sylvia had to fly back to California next day to take care of some business affairs arising from the Fairbanks estate.

That winter, however, they saw a lot of each other in Hollywood.

Sylvia was attracted to Gable for there was so much of Fairbanks in him—the strong flashing teeth, the toothbrush moustache, the heavily-defined eyebrows.

BUY BRITISH

AND Gable knew he was in love with her. Sylvia—by this time divorced by Lord Stanley—was independent. This Gable liked. He had never had to chase a woman before—but he had to chase Sylvia.

And soon he was confessing to a friend: "I don't know about Englishwomen. But I've heard a lot and read a lot about them. And now that I know Sylvia I'm convinced that she's an export product of the British Isles."

In December 1940 Sylvia and Gable went to a party. And at 2.30 in the morning they made up their minds. Next day, in Santa Barbara, they were married—with M.G.M. publicity chief Howard

'FOR KEEPS'

DURING the ceremony her voice trembled. Her hand shook as she cut the cake. She spilled her champagne. No first-time maiden ever behaved more like a bride.

"This," they both said, "is for keeps. We are terribly happy."

by RODERICK MANN

They went on honeymoon to Honolulu, where they were left, divorced in the sea, and lay in the sun. It was all very blissful.

Happily, Sylvia showed photographers Gable's wedding present to her—a bracelet with three diamond hearts.

But a few months after the wedding, when they returned to Hollywood, Gable knew they had made a mistake.

In the words of his friend Howard Strickling, "Gable is strictly a meat-and-potatoes guy." But Sylvia was not a meat-and-potatoes girl. Far from it.

She tried hard to please. When Gable went on location for his picture *Across the Wide Missouri* Sylvia went with him, and did her best to seem happy. She even did an oil painting of him on the trip, and later hung it in their room.

But at the ranch she had been far from happy. For Carole Lombard's ghost was always present. full of memories. There was the waxed pine table that Gable



"This is for keeps. We are terribly happy," they both said: Sylvia with Clark Gable.

Sylvia had lost none of her touch.

At the beginning of 1934 her mother died in Linton. And in November of that year her father died in Norwood.

Sylvia spent part of that year travelling on the Continent with her good friend Loretta Hearst.

By the time she got back to America she had decided to get married again.

OLD FRIENDS

THE lucky man was tall, handsome Prince Dmitri Djordjadze (pronounced Gjord-ge-od-see). He was 55, a White Russian aristocrat, and worked as assistant to Colonel Serge Obolensky, president of New York's Ambassador Hotel.

They had known each other for 20 years, having first met at the Le Mans races in 1935. "You can see," said Sylvia, "this is no spur-of-the-moment affair. I know all his likes and dislikes, his habits and his hobbies. That is essential for any wife. She must know her man."

"Marriage is only real when it is shared," she continued. "If there is true love, there is no problem. Lovers share everything—even thought."

the prince spent some time in South America, where Sylvia joined him. But not for long. It was not her kind of life.

A year ago they stopped seeing each other. He went down to Texas to work for an oil firm; she retreated to her home in California.

And a month ago—after New York society columnists had reported that all was not well with the marriage—the prince admitted:—

"It is true. Our marriage is finished. I have not seen my wife for over a year. In fact I refer to her as 'my future ex.' However, I won't be taking legal action. I look upon that as a woman's prerogative."

Would he, now that the marriage was over, care to define Sylvia's attraction? What did this one woman have that so many did not?

Said the prince: "She is beautiful and intelligent and always good fun to be with. But unlike most other women with these qualities—she is not hussy or bossy. She is very feminine."

About the time he was saying this, the very feminine Sylvia was on her way to the South of France.

Alone—once more.

Last week she was in London again. I saw her at the private screening of a new film... a Hollywood comedy. Her spectacles thrust up over her forehead, she appeared gay, carefree, and full of life.

But she is not, I would say, a happy woman. Nothing about the way she lives or the things she does suggests a woman who is content.

On the contrary. She seems to live with an almost pathological fear of her background being revealed or discussed. One would have thought that—having accomplished so much—she might have been proud of her humble origins.

But no.

Long, long ago, in 1927, Louis Hawkins turned her back on the mean part of London where she grew up and hid it from her mind, and today, for Sylvia, it does not exist.

I doubt, if you asked her, whether she could remember the names of any of her old school friends, though they, not unnaturally, remember her. The canal, the coal-heaps, the railway lines... Gateforth School, with its tiny playground... the pony-riding and drinks at the Welsh Harp... they were all part of another world.

She never liked that world, or she would not have worked so desperately to escape it. One would have thought she may say, have been fascinated. For unlike Eliza Doolittle, whom Shaw created in similar mould, Sylvia had no help in her climb to the top.

She did it all alone, using only her natural gifts. The fact that she has not yet achieved happiness is nothing to do with it.

She is a rather remarkable woman.

Then off they went to honeymoon in Nassau, which she knew so well.

That marriage, too, is now in tatters. After their wedding

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And now? 'Our marriage is finished'... says the prince

and Carole had beaten with chains, burned with cigarette stubs and married with knives to make it look antique... there were the mugs and the brass that they had polished together.

On their return from the film location Sylvia began going over the ranch. She spent a lot of money. She added a guest house, she furnished the rooms with new drapes and masses of flowers, she brought in new furniture.

But the gap between them was too wide to bridge. She did not enjoy his hunting trips and fishing trips, though she went along on some of them; he could not stand her social gadabouting, though he accompanied her whenever possible.

In their first year, he later claimed, they spent more money than he earned. And his salary was \$150,000 a year.

THE RIFT

IN June 1950 Sylvia came to London for a brief visit with her nephew, Timothy Black—the 17-year-old son of her sister Vera.

She seemed quite happy. But by that time it was clear to friends that the rift between her and Gable was widening. Little more than a year after

"I am only taking this action after it became evident that all my efforts for reconciliation were fruitless," she said. Then, tears streaking her cheeks, she embarked on George Vanderbilt's yacht *Pioneer* for a month's cruise to Honolulu. Gable went home and watched TV.

A month later he asked the Hollywood Superior Court to refuse alimony to Sylvia, saying: "She is a millionaire."

ON CRUTCHES

SOON Sylvia was in Nassau again, being seen everywhere with the governor's aide, 25-year-old Captain Stuart Symington.

The following January, while motoring along a road through Oakes Airport, another car hit them.

Sylvia's left ankle was fractured, and she was immediately flown back to hospital in New York.

There, Gable went to visit her. And they agreed to call it quits.

In April that year Sylvia landed into court on grounds charging Gable with inflicting grievous mental cruelty. "Almost from our

wedding, she was ill. She was nervous, she was hysterical, she was a mess. She was a mess."

Once again Sylvia plunged back into the social round she loved so well.

In June 1953 she was at the Blenheim wedding of Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill to Robin Muir.

And a month later she made a triumphant reconquest of Mayfair.

She borrowed Lord Astor's house at 45, Upper Grosvenor Street to give a tremendous seven-hour party in honour of her 18-year-old niece, Laurita Black. It was a dazzling affair.

More than 300 people turned up; among them the Duke of Marlborough, the Duchess of Argyll, the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, Lord Porchester. Everyone voted it a splendid social success.



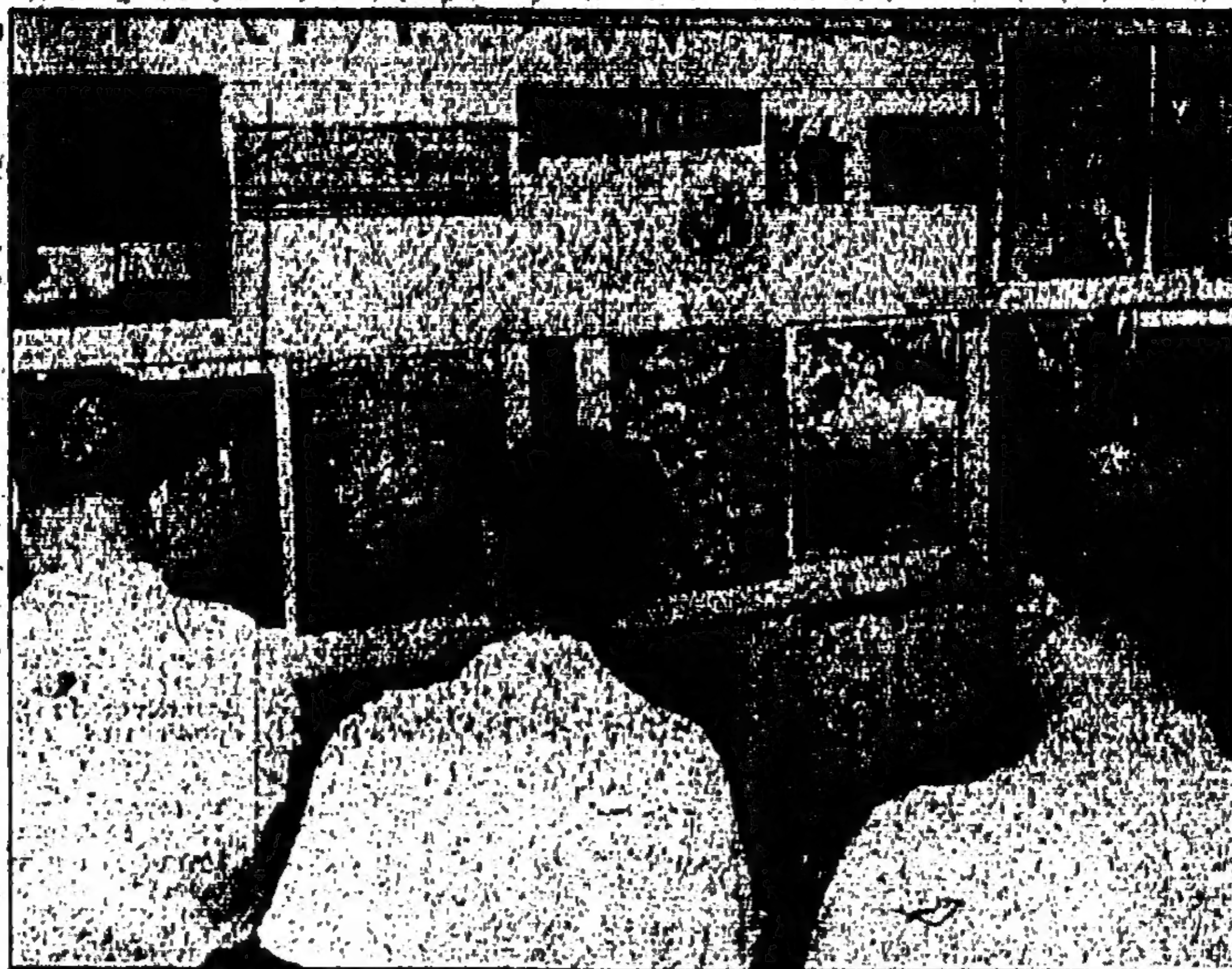
With husband No. 4, Clark Gable.

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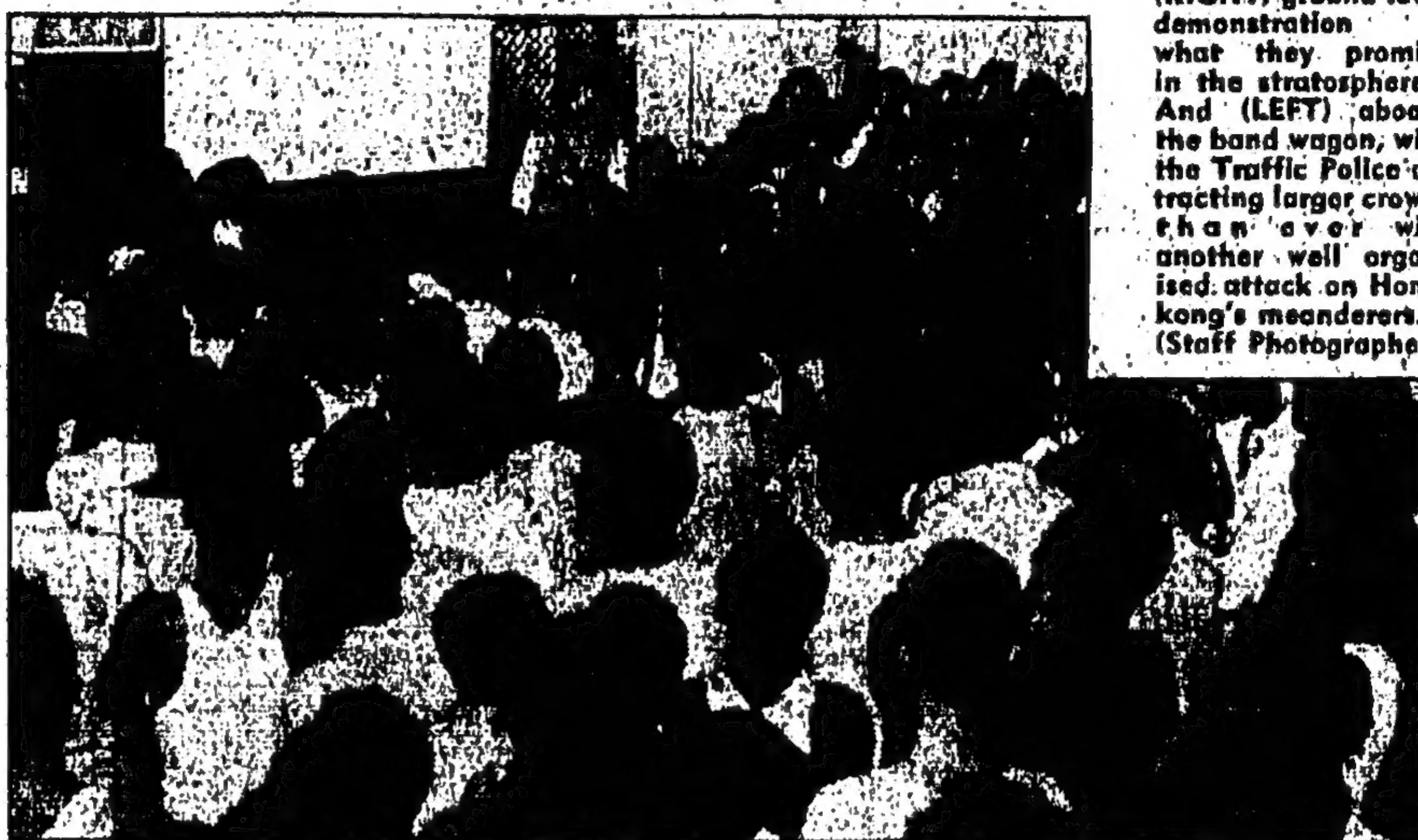


Miss Lee points out one of her prints in her joint exhibition with Miss Pat Young at the Photographic Society rooms, and the exhibition (right).
BELOW: "Whoppsibobby" Good efforts all round, but members of the Special Constabulary are sometimes just a little handicapped by sedentary occupations 11½ months a year. (Staff Photographers)

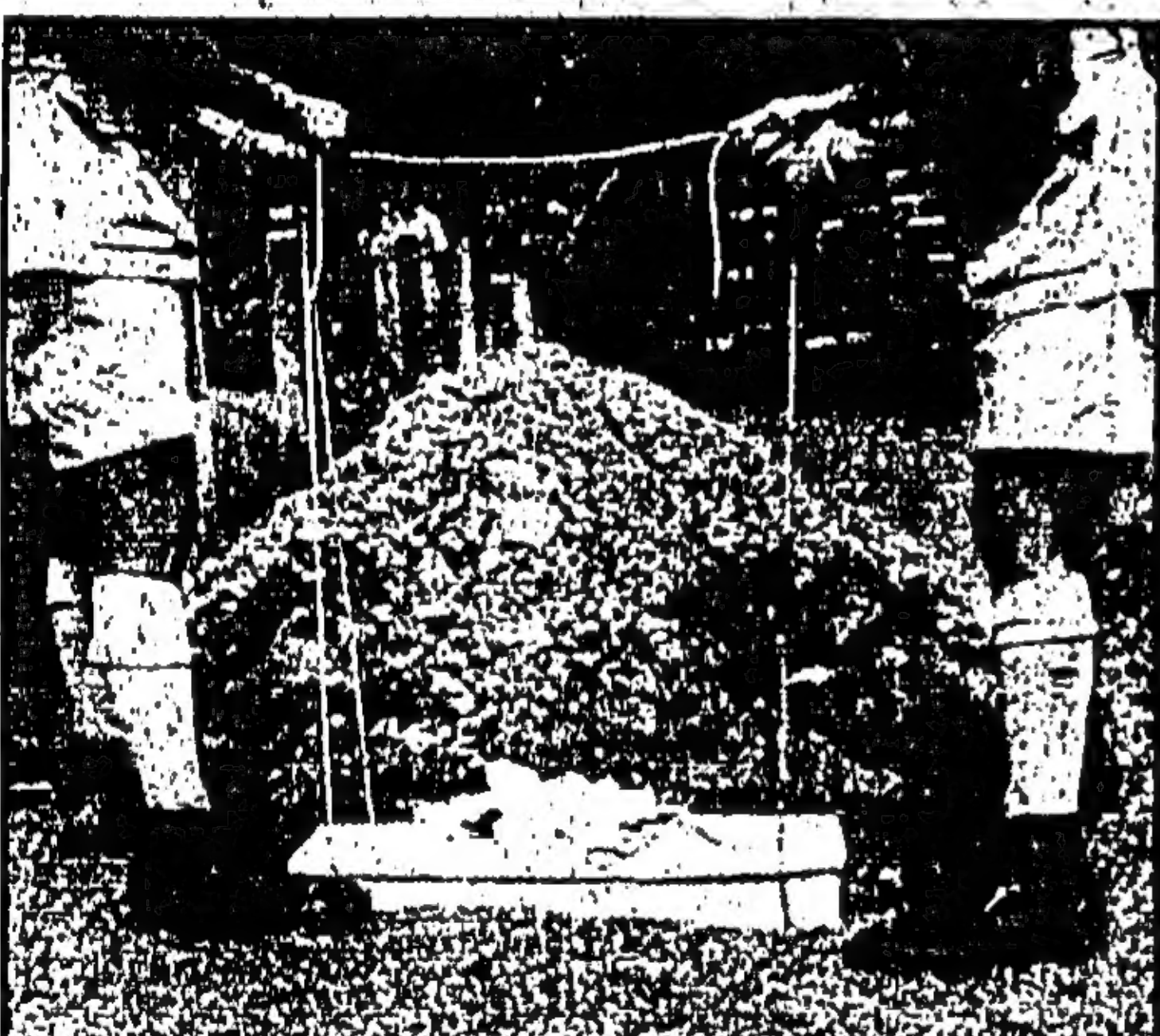


Aboard the Blue Funnel ANTENOR with (from left) Messrs W. J. Stoker, A. J. C. Threlfall, James Moodie, and Captain A. R. M. McDavid.

Aboard PAA (RIGHT) ground level demonstration of what they promise in the stratosphere. And (LEFT) aboard the band wagon, with the Traffic Police attracting larger crowds than ever with another well organized attack on Hong-kong's meanderers. (Staff Photographers)



An unknown Canadian Soldier—BELOW and RIGHT. He died at Wongkeichong Gap 16 years ago come December 19. He was identified by spent cartridges around him of a kind issued to the Canadian Regiment defending Hongkong. He was buried at Sai Wan with Military Honours.



RIGHT: Fred Astaire, feted at a Chinese banquet by the Jaycee Board of Directors who are organising a charity premiere for his film "Funny Face", meets the ladies... Mrs. James Dunn (left) and Mrs. H. S. Moh.

(Willie's Studio)



RIGHT: Jacqueline (centre), daughter of Mr and Mrs R.M. Silva, and friends who came to help her blow out seven candles. Mayfair Photo



Presentation of Golf Prizes at the Deep Water Bay Club.

(Staff Photographer)



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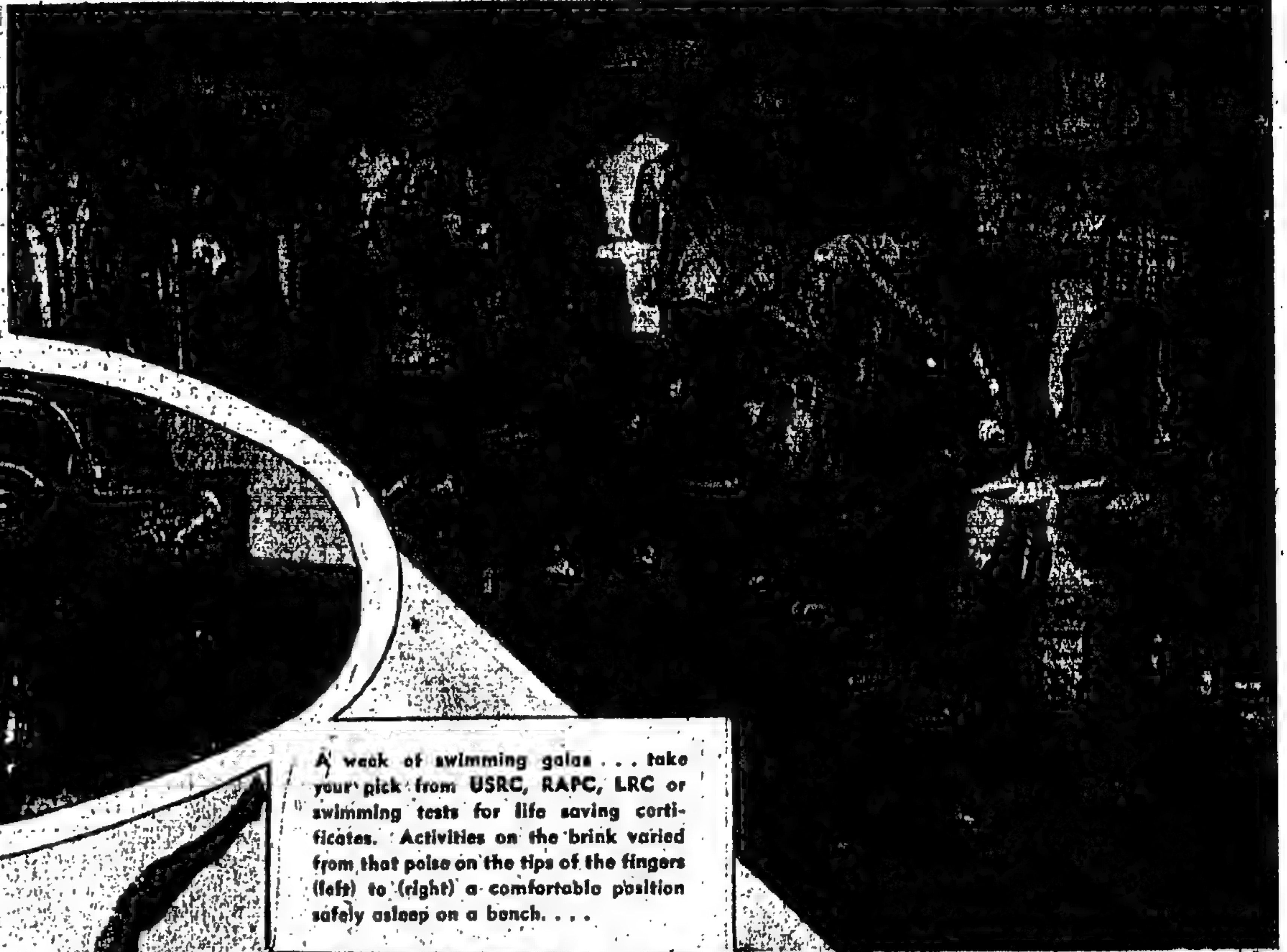
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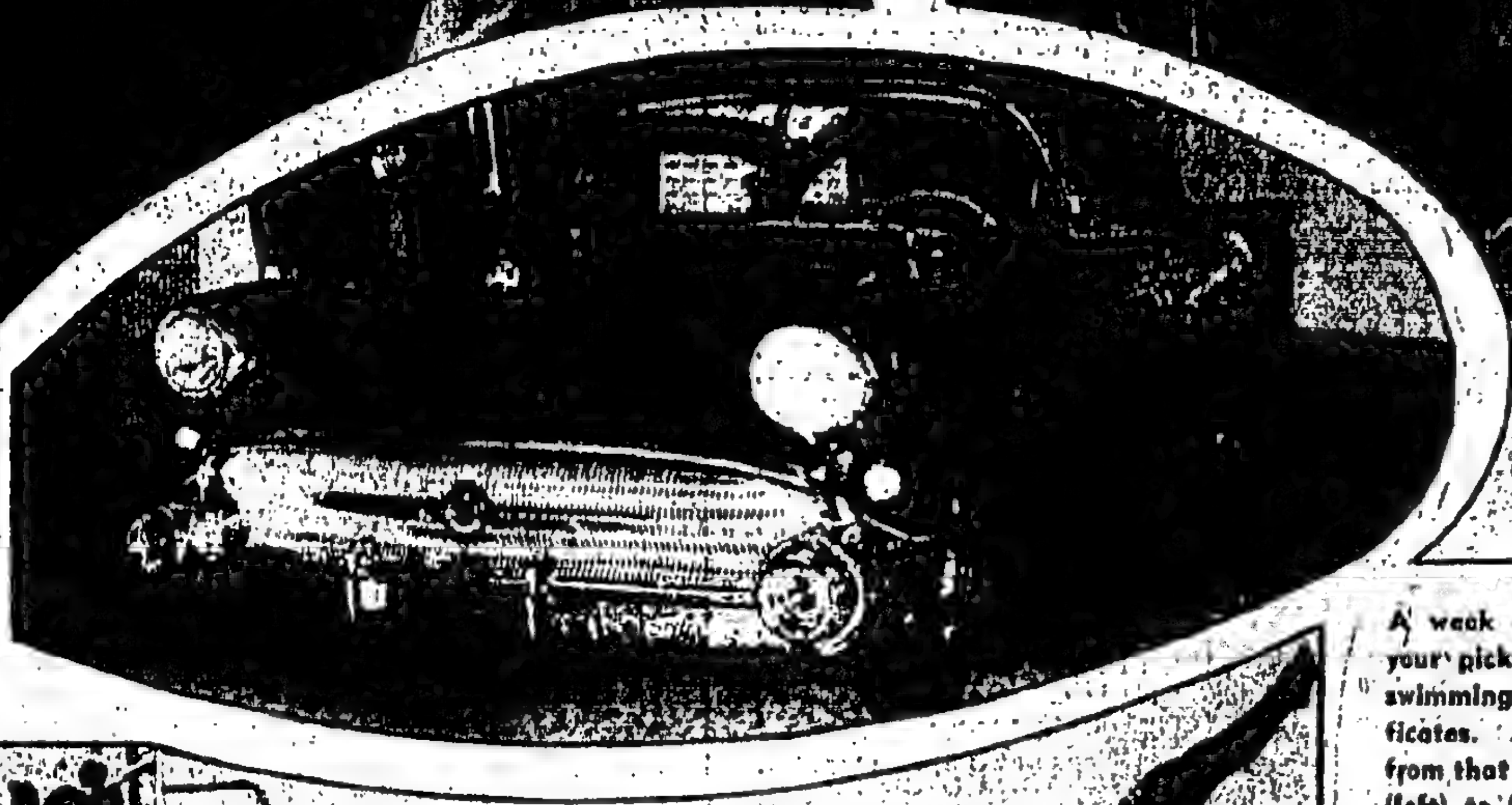
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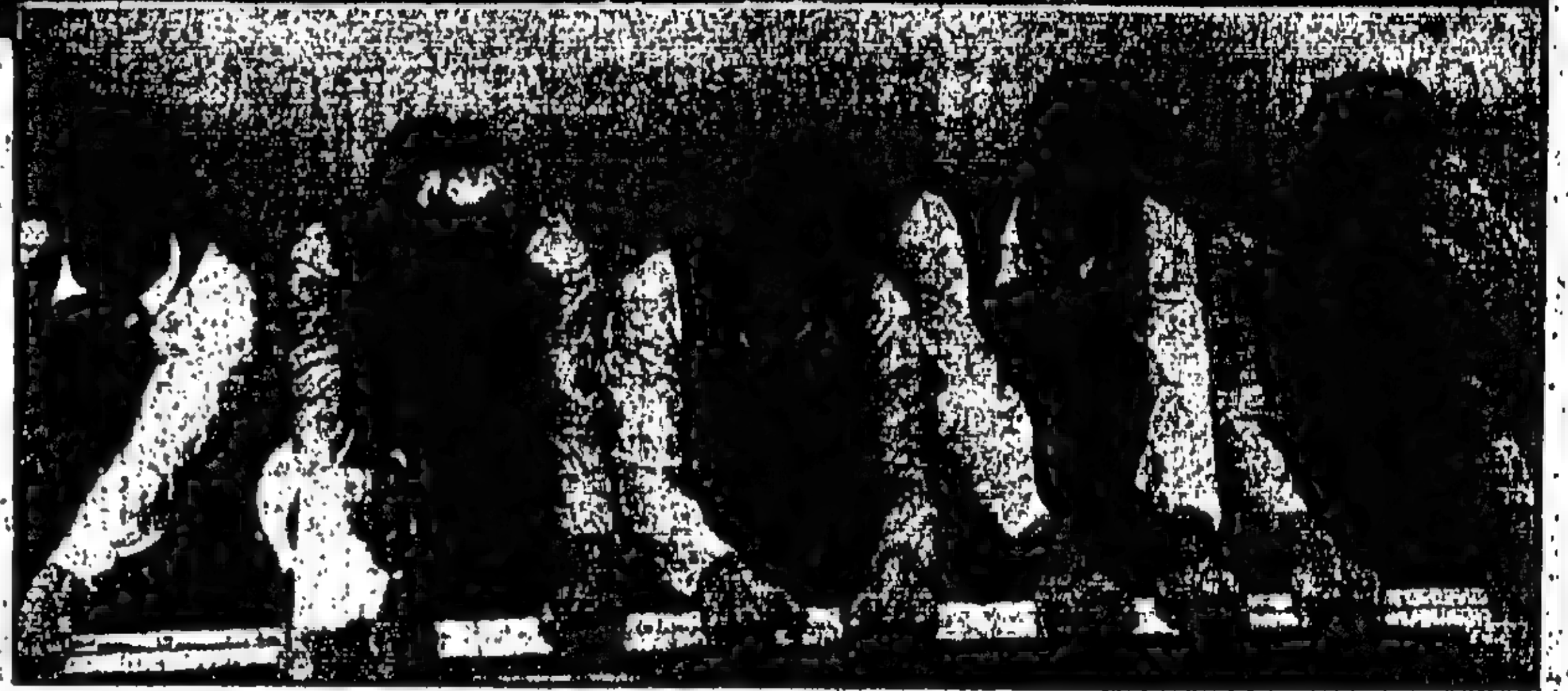
Official service — the Governor and Lady Grantham escorted to their seats in St John's Cathedral by Major Evan Stewart on Liberation Sunday.
RIGHT: Official car — Peking bound Buick for Ceylon's Ambassador.



A week of swimming galas... take your pick from USRC, RASC, LRC or swimming tests for life saving certificates. Activities on the brink varied from that pose on the tips of the fingers (left) to (right) a comfortable position safely asleep on a bench...

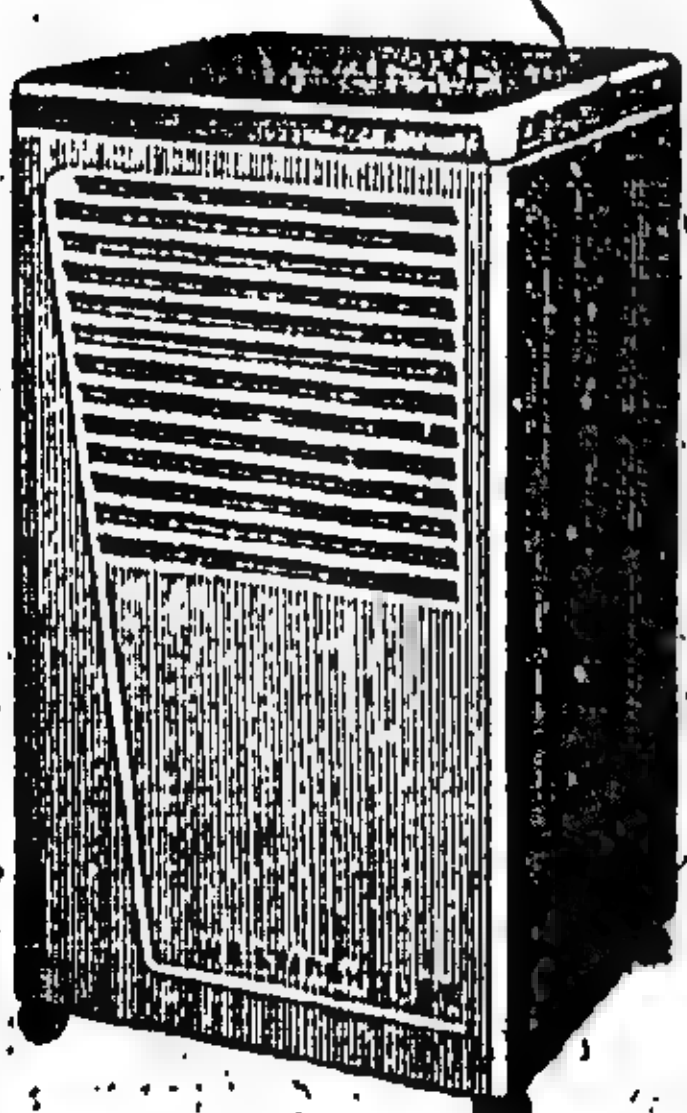


BELOW: At the King's Theatre members of the Carol Bateman School of Dancing present one of their two matinee performances for charity.



... and costumes and expressions in and out of the water varied too.
(Staff Photographers)

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Lady Grantham is seen on a colourful date with Mr. F. T. Meiwant, President of the Hongkong Indian Welfare Society, when she opened a new charity dispensary at the Hindu Temple, Happy Valley.
(Staff Photographer)

MACKINTOSH'S

SALE

IS
WORTH
WAITING FOR!

MONDAY
AND
TUESDAY

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CLEARANCE IN 2 DAYS

Some particulars in the
Sunday Herald but see our
windows over the week-end

REPORT FROM WASHINGTON

All is not Lost in the US Unions

MR Walter Reuther, a shrewd man who runs the U.S. Auto Workers' Union and who is one of the great powers in the A.F.L.-C.I.O., has just decided that his men might be able to do without some money.

In any other country this might have got him locked up in a lunatic asylum. In the U.S. very few cynics were lulled.

It is reasonable to suppose that the spirit of Karl Marx, on hearing this, must have run off screaming into the unknown depths of Limbo; but Mr Reuther's proposals merely confirm what everyone has known for a long time: U.S. trade unions believe in the capitalist system. Furthermore they know what their beliefs commit them to.

In the automobile business, supply has outrun demand by quite a distance. The logical answer is to cut prices. But the cost of labour has made this virtually impossible and, trade unions being as strong as they are, this cost can only be cut with their consent.

Mr Reuther has therefore proposed that, if the automakers will cut their prices by a reasonable amount, his union will cut its wage demands for the forthcoming contract.

Nobody thinks this very clever. If the manufacturers can't sell cars, they can't pay wages. If they can sell cars, they can pay wages. Management and unions are, in Mr Reuther's view, partners in business. It is, therefore, foolish for one of them to seek to destroy the other.

So far, the automakers are considering the proposal. But if they turn it down, it will certainly not be because they think Mr Reuther has stepped outside his legitimate sphere of influence, but because they take a different view of the market prospects—then—the does.

This, however, is not very likely. The automakers are very good at what they do. Mr Reuther supplied with the relevant information and, since his union deals with all the manufacturers, he may even be in a better position to assess business prospects than any individual manufacturer.

...and everything is not Well in the State Department

Life at the State Department in the last week or so has not measured up to the popular view of existence in the diplomatic business. The Brook Bros. are looking a little rumpled and every official who deals with the press seems to have come to the conclusion that every telephone call is from someone looking for trouble.

It is, on the whole, extremely sad that a country like Syria which, at the best of times, hardly locates anything which could be called a government, should be able to reduce the United States Government to a state of bewildered impotence.

The Russians have all along been aware that, in a country with hardly any government, power resides with whoever has the guns. Consequently the Russian diplomatic effort has been concentrated unashamedly on the army.

The U.S. now finds that the only people it has had any useful dealings with have no hope of power, and it has been all too easy for the Russians to persuade their army friends to organize things however they like. The trouble is, in part, that the U.S. swallows its own propaganda. It has insisted that Syria belongs to the "free world", and countries which belong to the "free world" are held to have properly constituted governments. It would mean a horrible breach of etiquette to deal under the table with the men with the guns.

Most people in Washington believe that the men who count in the army—who were never the "front men" appointed to command by the shaky government—have no special liking for Communism. They do, however, have a liking for power. If the Russians will give it to them, well and good.

If the U.S. had been willing to give it to them, it might have seemed all the better.

by Alexander Broad



ASCENT OF THE VICIOUS SPIRAL

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

A wedding now would bring great joy...

by AMANDA MARSHALL



PRINCESS Margaret, prettiest Maiden Aunt in the country, is now 27. That is an age when many women catch their breath a little in a heavens-only-three-more-years-till-30 manner, and two years past the age for official spinsterhood in France.

Blue eyes

Any country with such a princess in its midst—especially a princess with blue eyes and a very small waist and a cheerful heart—is bound to get a little restive and accept, on a national scale, the qualities of a fussy, match-making mama.

For what would give greater cause for general rejoicing than a really romantic wedding for Margaret, with everyone weeping deeply enjoyable tears that stream down English eyes even at the weddings of people we have never clasped eyes on before?

Royal marriages in these days are no longer simple, straightforward matters of diplomacy, international alliance or sound financial investment, arranged with only a cursory reference to the parties concerned and at an age too early for them to raise much objection.

Little Royal ladies are mercifully no longer shuttled to and fro across Europe with this aim in mind while still in their teens, meek, early teens accompanied by a bodyguard of wily ambassadors and political emissaries.

No one can imagine the Royal Family "arranging" a

politic marriage for the Princess, even were she not clearly a young woman with a sturdy will of her own to be taken into account. Several of our own Royal ladies married later than was once customary. The Duchess of Gloucester was 32, the Duchess of Kent 27, and the late Queen Mary married when she was only a month away from her 27th birthday.



Lord Patrick Beresford (23) ... her latest escort.

The only danger attached to marrying later than around 23 is that, in general, the longer women cling to their single state, the more they become accustomed to their own pattern of existence, their own choice of thought and action—and indeed, not to put too fine a point upon it, the more choosy they become.

Every girl who has watched her contemporaries marrying

year after year also knows that the field narrows down with alarming speed, and pretty soon there is very little you can do but go out and get yourself a new set of friends.

Things are just that much more complicated for a princess whose close friends are few, whose social life is bounded by a ring of old familiar faces, and who meets a million new ones every year, but each of them only for a few brief formal minutes.

But in spite of the apparent swing in this country towards earlier marriage, there is still a great deal to be said for biding your time.

It is not really cynical to believe, as I do, that at 20 the very idea of marriage is so irresistible to most girls that almost any husband will do as well as any other.

It is only later when you have had time to grow up a little and discover the sort of person you are and are roughly likely to remain for the next half century or so only, in fact, when you are old enough to have meaningful things that you can safely talk the risk at all.

Same speed

This is not to say that in many cases very young marriages are not an excellent thing, though, to me, always miraculous, if the two people concerned can be guaranteed to grow up together at the same speed, and not surprise each other one morning by turning out to be quite suddenly two totally different characters. But in the mild, merciful mists of England, where happily,

unlike the Mediterranean countries, there is no brazen sunshine to make a woman mature at 18 and a crane at 30, the late 20s are often the time when a woman is at her best.

For by then she is no longer silly, variable, an unknown quality to herself as much as to her friends and family, but a sound judge of her own mind and temperament.

(London Express Service)

EVELYN IRONS joins a party of tourists for a look at the West End

HOW long does it take you to get to know the beauties and curiosities of London—30 years? Three years? Three months? Three hours. Like this.

Tens of thousands of tourists "do" it in three hours. Like this. We were 27 in the blue and cream sight-seeing bus that pulled out of Haymarket at 2.30 this sunny afternoon—25 women, two men, all U.S. citizens except two earnest-looking ladies from Montreal and myself. Our assignment—the West End, including Whitehall, Westminster, Kensington, Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, the Mall, Trafalgar Square, with stops at Westminster Abbey and the Wallace Collection.

And all the time, 8— including the services of 60-year-old Harold Ball, retired London secondary school headmaster, who wore a tie of an improbable tartan and acted as our guide.

"I know it already," confessed trim, thirtyish drug company executive Betty Nixon ("No relation of the vice-president of the United States") from New York.

"I did it when I was here in 1950. This time I'm showing it to mother. She comes from Michigan. We did the rest of London—St Paul's and the Tower and all that—in another hour this morning. It took just over three hours, too."

Tourmaster Ball, standing beside the driver, kept us rubber-necking from the start. Trafalgar Square on the right, the National Gallery and the George Washington statue on the left; in front the Queen's parish church, St Martin-in-the-Fields—"Neil Gwyn, paramour of Charles II, was buried there," added our guide.

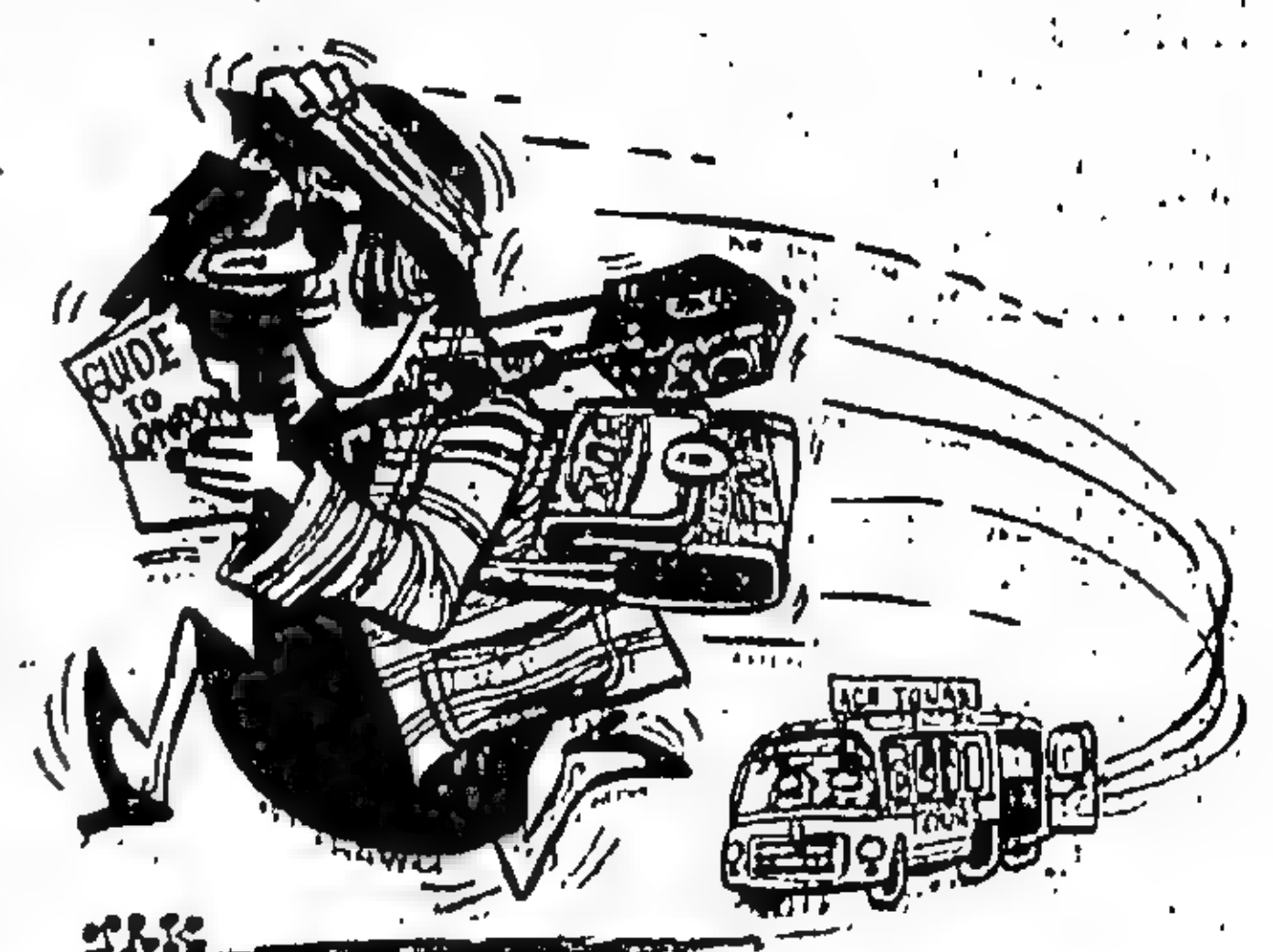
"You'll have to hurry if you want a picture—we can't stop," he urged as we whizzed down Whitehall past the Horse Guard sentries. "and here's Downing Street—Number Ten is the one on the right, with a policeman outside."

Warning

We clambered down outside the West Door of the Abbey.

"Quickly now—pay for your postcards," Mr Ball warned the stragglers in the souvenir shop. "We must be out of the Abbey by four."

Hundreds of other tourists were "doing" the Abbey, too.



THAT'S LONDON — THAT WAS!

as we anxiously pursued Mr Ball.

"I'll waggle my fingers when I am over the bomb of Livingstone" cried he, as the crowd in the aisle swallowed him up. Over a sea of heads I saw his hands in agitated gesticulation, as if he were drowning. And Livingstone it was.

After that, mental indigestion set in.

A scramble through Queen Elizabeth's Chapel ("On no account forget to look for the Essex ring!" we had been told, and we peered dutifully at this sad but unimpressive relic).

The Stone of Scone, "My, my, how did those Scottish nationalists get it outa there?"

By this time we had collected quite a gaggle of gesticulators. "Go aggressive! Put yourself to the front!" our guide harangued us.

After all this, and after hearing about Ben Jonson being buried standing up and Shakespeare's statue reading a misquotation from *The Tempest*, a bobby-soxer with her initials embroidered on her blouse still thirsted for information.

"Master," she objected, "it makes me mad that we have skipped the musicians. I like musicians."

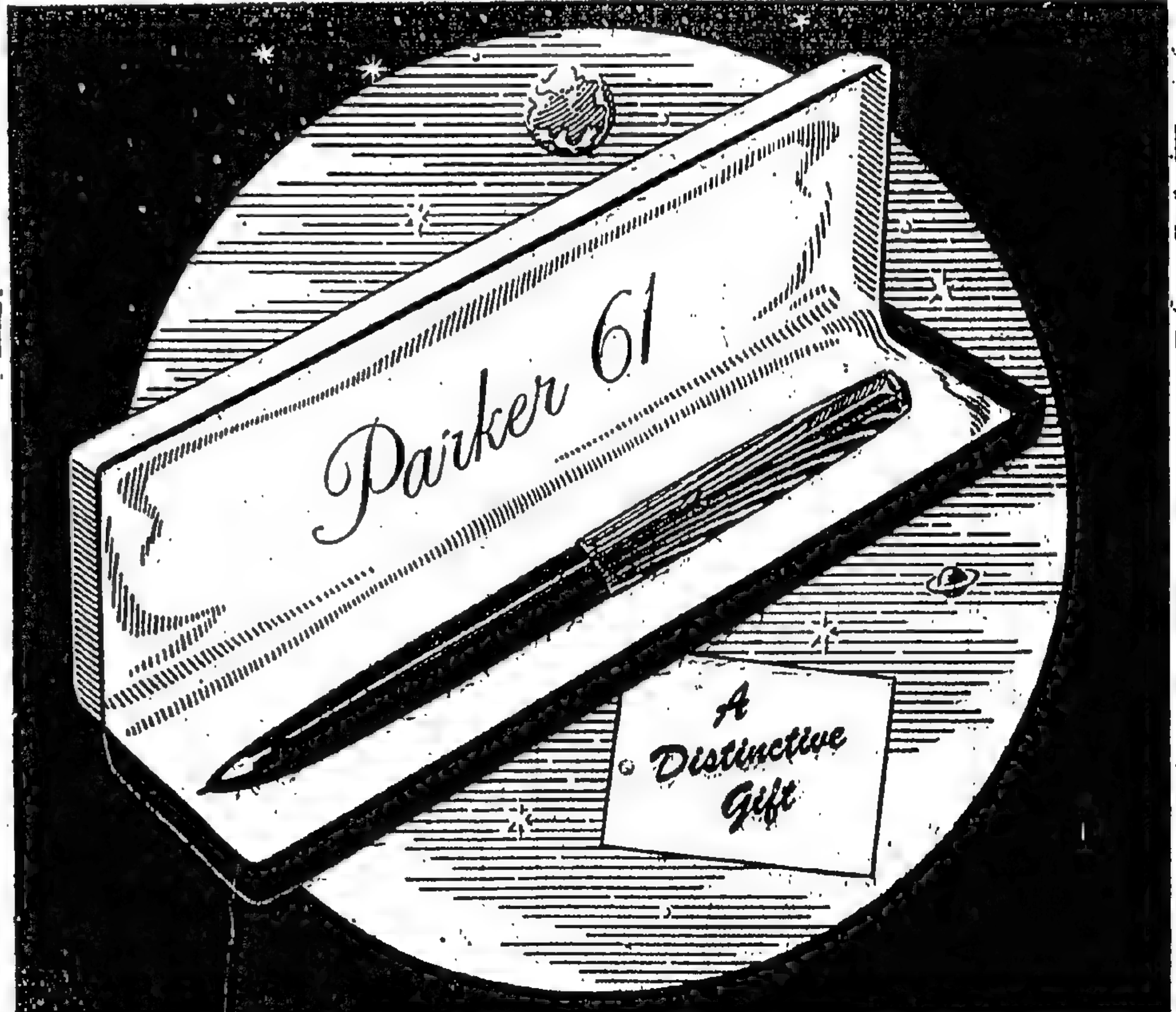
But we had had our hour in the Abbey. Out by the Poets' Corner door for a glimpse of the Houses of Parliament. Then the quick one-two from the windows of the bus. Mrs Tankhurst's statue and the Burghers of Calais ("the world's first large churchyard"). Lambeth Palace ("Bligh of the Bounty in the churchyard"). Thirty seconds' stop to photograph the Palace of Westminster from the South Bank. Dolphin Square ("biggest block of flats in Europe"). Distant glimpse of Battersea ("the Coney Island of London").

Frozen 'coke'

We wound up at the Wallace Collection. But only the very strong and the very serious went inside. The others spent the allotted half-hour in a snack bar. Here history was made. For instead of lukewarm drinks the tourists were confronted with bottles of coke that were frozen solid and therefore undrinkable.

Judging from the enthusiastic reaction which greeted them, the two highlights of the whole mad whirl were the dogs' cemetery in Hyde Park and the Oxford Street store where Nina helped herself to those hats. Both were rated "cute."

(London Express Service)



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David Low — Cartoonist.

A HAPPY MAN

A SENSE of humour is an essential requirement for a great cartoonist, and this photograph shows David Low enjoying the humorous side of life.

David Low, the world-famous political cartoonist, was being interviewed at his home in London for the British Broadcasting Corporation. Low broadcasts from time to time in a number of the BBC's domestic and overseas services, including the General Overseas Service.

Born at Dunedin, New Zealand, on April 7, 1891, Low was drawing cartoons for the *Christchurch "Spectator"* at the age of eleven. It was, he says, while working for the weekly "Sketcher" under Fred Royner, himself a caricaturist, that he learned to "earn the so-called 'likensses' taken from people

graphs, both the wooden or polite kind and the aimlessly distorted "funny" kind, and to appreciate the art that lay in the synthesis and emphasis of truth perceived in the living person." Since that time there can be scarcely a famous figure in the world that has not featured in his satirical yet humane pictorial commentary on what he has described as "one of the most inspiring and agonising epochs of history."

With the cessation of the "Sketcher," Low became a full time political cartoonist for the *Christchurch "Spectator"* at the age of seventeen, and at twenty he went to Australia as cartoonist for the Sydney "Bulletin." He went to England after World War I, and worked first for the evening newspaper, the "Star," and in 1927 joined the "Evening Standard" with which he remained until 1949. He joined the "Daily Herald" in 1950 and the "Manchester Guardian" in 1953. It was in 1934, while Low was taking a "Turkish Bath," that he overheard a conversation be-

tween two men of military bearing which gave him the name for a new "character," and the famous Colonel Blimp of the pre-war and war years was born. His military designation was fortuitous, Low points out. He might just as well have been a doctor, bishop or anything else, for he was intended to typify mixed-up thinking and "stupidity has no frontiers, domestic or foreign." Low's autobiography, published in 1955, surveys fifty years as a cartoonist. "If happiness lies in well as one can do it," he wrote, "mine has been a happy life."

The thousand million dollar match trick

THE INCREDIBLE IVAR KREUGER. By Allan Churchill, Weidmanfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

by A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE South Sea Bubble is one of the few events in history that we all remember along with the Armada and the battle of Hastings. Since that time there have been plenty of financial operators who swindled on a grand scale. One blew a bubble that

outdid them all, a bubble of world size.

This one was Ivar Kreuger, Swedish Match King and international financier. His origins were modest. His father was a factory manager, and he himself started as a clerk.

Ivar Kreuger was the hope of the world—till he swindled it of £234 million

His end was fabulous. Luxurious flats in half a dozen capitals. A score of gigantic enterprises at his disposal, some of them fragments of his imagination. And at his death an insolvent of £234 million. A thousand million dollars had vanished into thin air.

How did he do it? The trick seems simple. It was Swedish Match, a perfectly reputable undertaking which had control of the Swedish match industry. Then he would approach some foreign government and say: "Give me a monopoly of matches in your country, and I will float a loan for you on reasonable terms."

This was the nineteenth-century, a time when most European governments wanted money badly and could not think where to get it.

Now Kreuger could approach the other side—the American market where money was crying out to be used. He offered a double security: profits from matches and interest payments by the foreign government. No wonder the dollars came rolling out.

CHAIN SYSTEM

Kreuger wanted to oblige the American investors. He wanted to make the dollars roll faster. So why not make one security do the work of 10? He would create a company in Switzerland one day, in Liechtenstein the next, in Holland the third, and so round the capitals of Europe. The principal asset of each company was a claim on the company next door. The illusory asset on which all rested could never be found. Kreuger had spirited it away long ago, if indeed it had ever existed.

The secret was to keep moving. Create new companies. Pour in fresh money so that no one would have time to go back and inquire how the snowball had started. In the end money ran out. He was left with nothing except £23 million in Italian bonds; and these he had himself forged.

Where did the fortune vanish to? Well, that's simple too. In the boom years Kreuger unloaded paper on to a myriad investors. In the depression years Kreuger started buying, and a myriad investors unloaded

THE BOOK PAGE



IVAR KREUGER
Secret was to keep moving.

paper on him. Perhaps his old enemy, the house of J. P. Morgan, did not end up with a debt balance.

Why did he do it? Mr. Allen Churchill, author of this glossy, fast-moving biography, devotes a good deal of space to this question, complete with psychoanalytic terms. Kreuger, it seems, was a Narcissus. He built up an ideal picture of himself and then tried to put it into practice. Or you can rank him along with Napoleon and Hitler, men who think they are God. At any rate, we can all happily agree that he had no moral sense.

HIGH HOPES

It was not ever thus. Just before Kreuger's fall an English academic wrote a book, telling young English Socialists that Kreuger was the hope of the world. It looked silly now, but aren't we all Kreugerists, even though we think the man a criminal?

All our Left wing intellectuals (myself included) preach that the rich countries must raise the standard of life in backward countries by productive investment. That is just what Kreuger got the American investors to do for Europe.

And what is inflation but the Kreuger bubble now blown by governments instead of by Swedish Match? Let us keep our fingers crossed and hope that this time the bubble does not burst.

MUSIC FROM THE FIORDS

By GERARD BOURKE

NOT far from Bergen, on the west coast of Norway, a grotto is cut in the rock face, bearing the name of Grieg, whose ashes were laid there 60 years ago.

The Chopin of the North, as he has been called with some justification, painted in music the wild coast line of Norway, with its towering fiords and eerie legends of trolls and fairies.

Today he is chiefly remembered by his single piano concerto, heroic and brilliant, and a few of his songs.

On September 7, his compatriot, the celebrated singer Kirsten Flagstad, is coming out of retirement to sing nine of them at a Promenade concert relayed from the Royal Albert Hall in London, and given in his honour.

Edward Grieg was born in 1843 at Bergen where his ancestors had been British consuls for three generations. They settled there a century before, after leaving Scotland at the time of the 1745 rebellion. They changed their family name from Greig in the more continental form—Grieg.

The boy's parents were musical and, seeing his musical ability, sent him to study at the Leipzig Conservatory, founded by Mendelssohn, where Sir Arthur Sullivan was one of his boyhood companions. While studying there he had exciting musical experiences that included hearing Clara Schumann playing her husband's music (his piano concerto became the model for Grieg's) and attending some of the earliest performances of Wagner's "Tannhauser".

Best Loved

Travelling further, Grieg visited Rome and there met Henrik Ibsen for whose verse drama, "Peer Gynt", he later composed some of his best loved music—two dozen pieces of which we know only the few collected in the concert suites. Grieg's music did not suit the terse drama well—a modern score by Harald Saeverud is now used—but Ibsen admitted that it had drawn audiences to his play in Rome, too; he composed the attractive overture "In Autumn".

"Here was true clarity and force, a full round sum of Norse melodies and Norse patriotism, portraiture and anecdote," wrote a friend about Grieg's music at this time.

In 1869, he returned with his wife and daughter to Denmark and wrote the piano concerto amid his favourite Danish scenes. One of the first to see it was Franz Liszt, always ready to champion the works of younger men, who was then staying in a monastery near Rome. Liszt, the greatest virtuoso pianist of his day, astounded the young Norwegian by sight-reading the concerto in a masterly manner. "Go your way," he advised, "I tell you, you have the ability. And don't let anyone frighten you."

Romantic

On his return to Norway, Grieg quickly put to use his academic training to develop Norwegian music which then, at the beginning of the European romantic movement, required just such an exponent. Neighbouring Sweden and Denmark had already established musical institutions and traditions, but he returned to a land owning only a vast folk-lore as a basis for its own musical voice.

Copenhagen was already one of the most important artistic

him to remain more in his own country. But in 1879 he left to visit the opening Bayreuth Wagner festival in northern Bavaria, though he always felt his own art to be closer to French music than German. Home again, he spent the long summer days enjoying the wild Norwegian scenery, making expeditions to remote parts. He was sometimes accompanied by his English friends, Percy Grainger, and Frederick Delius whose father Grieg had persuaded to let him give up fruit-growing for music.

"What would you say to a quiet morning in the boat between stony and cliffs? The other day I felt so full of longing for it that it grew into a calm 'Song of gratitude'...." he wrote about one of the popular 'Lyric Pieces'. Always he imbued the beauties of the country, fiddlers playing the special Hardanger instrument, were a perpetual joy to him, and he noted many of their folk-tunes. "In the morning, when the cows were being milked, while the girls sang, he laid his music-paper on the cow's back and so got his songs 'fresh from the cow'," we hear from one ardent collector.

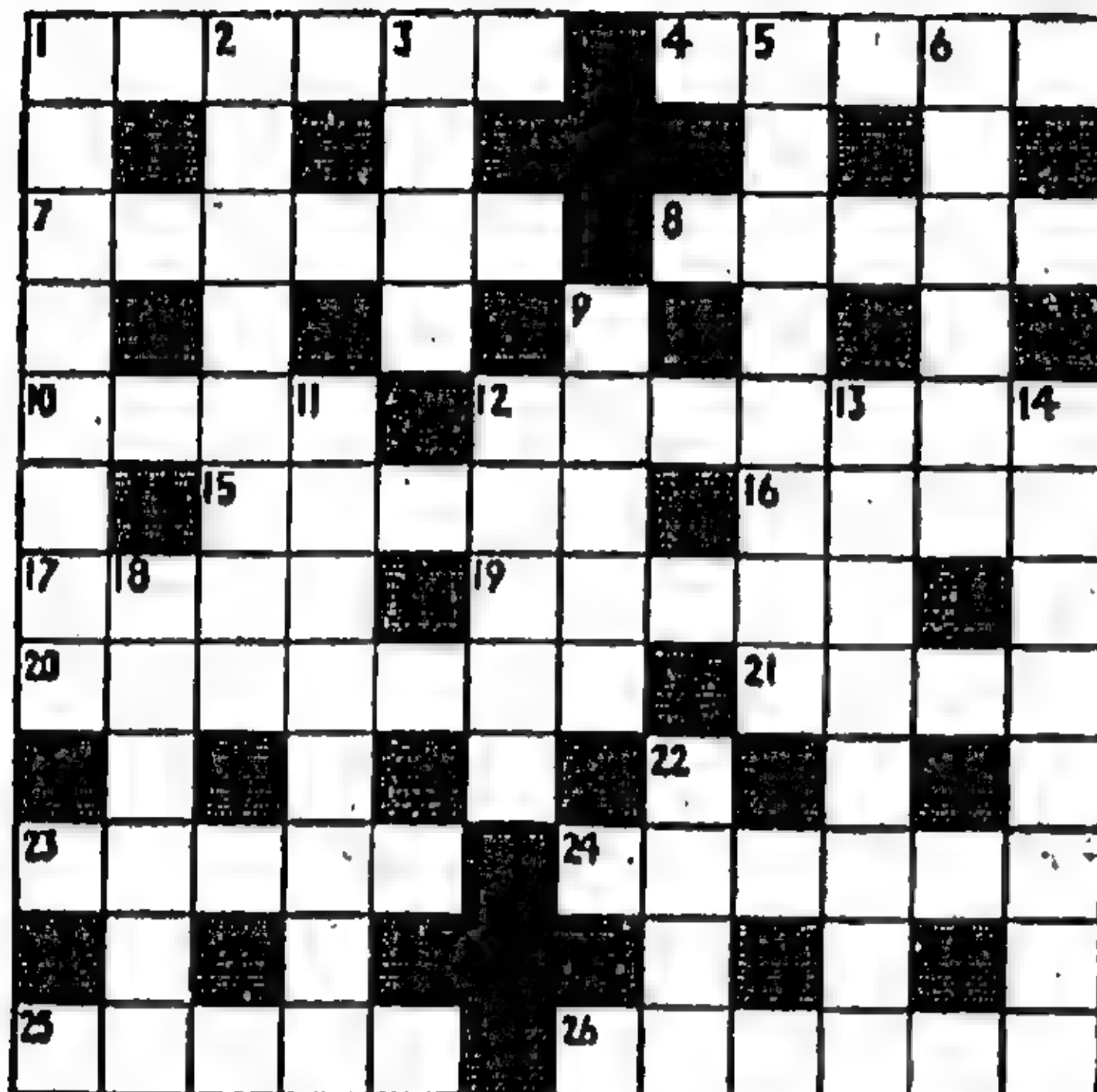
One of the best portraits of Grieg was left by Tchaikovsky, who he met in 1888: "...A very little, middle-aged man, very thin and with shoulders of unequal height. His fair hair was brushed back high and he had a thin, almost youthful-looking beard, and side whiskers. He had uncommonly attractive blue eyes of medium size, irresistibly fascinating, like the gaze of an innocent, noble child."

National Pride

With a complete artistic understanding of one's own country comes a keen national pride. Grieg, whose music, in particular, admired unflinchingly, saw his last years saddened by the threat of war between Norway and Sweden. "I have had to give up the concert in Finland to which I was invited," he wrote sadly, "since I cannot travel through Sweden. It sounds incredible, but chauvinism has gone so far in that country that they are driving out Norwegians who have been staying there."

Although Grieg's output was small, it included about 140 songs, many of which deserve attention today, especially if the singer is prepared to render them in their original language. He carved for himself the proud position of his country's musical poet.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Aim high (6).
- 4 Thickets for a bowler (5).
- 7 Smoking jacket? (6).
- 9 Low joint? (5).
- 10 Game for a break (4).
- 12 Step up (7).
- 15 What's the main use of the black box? (5).
- 16 Aye (4).
- 17 It may be buttoned for practice (6).
- 19 Date (5).
- 20 Fall to agree (7).
- 21 Foul journey? (4).
- 22 A bit separate (5).
- 24 It barely covers butlers (6).
- 25 Fit both ways (5).
- 26 Used in making leather (6).

DOWN

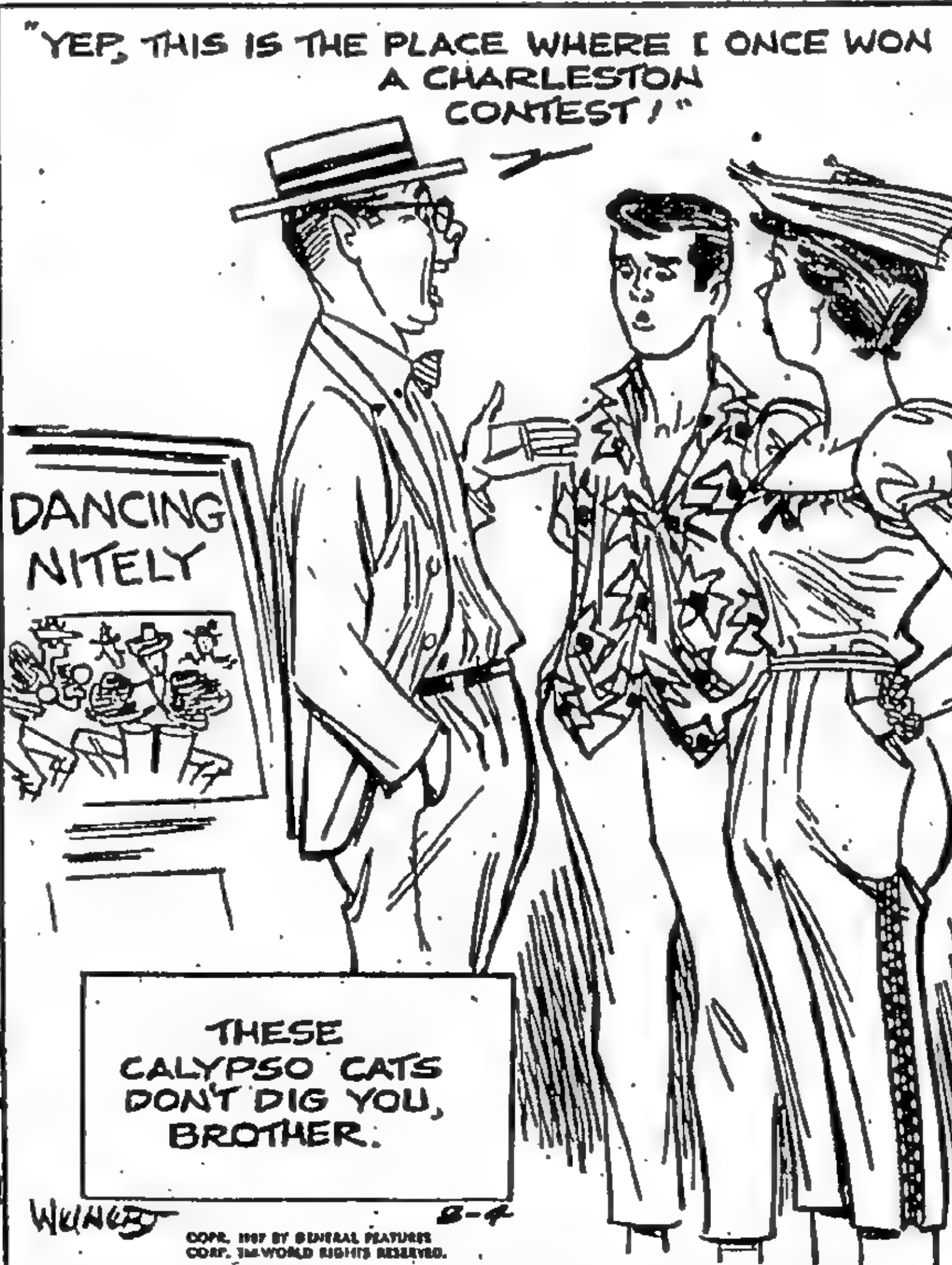
- 1 Run in! (6).
- 2 Yowwate (6).
- 3 Regrets it sounds like a trick (4).
- 5 Decorative knick-knack? (8).
- 6 Open wide, please (6).
- 8 Concerning (5).
- 11 Keep him! (5).
- 12 Stinky about? (5).
- 13 Disinclination (8).
- 14 Versatile performer? (8).
- 18 Undesirable spot (6).
- 22 Prima donna (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Cashmere, 5 Petrol, 9 Wool-sack, 11 Tail-head, 12 Beam, 13 Armed, 15 Dosed, 16 Arok, 22 Dictate, 24 Complex, 25 Noise, 26 Tireless. Down: 1 Spare, 2 Ship, 3 Cowherd, 4 Aior, 6 Hold, 7 Eased, 8 Eased, 10 Oases, 14 Minder, 15 Devils, 16 Mascot, 17 Ferner, 20 Pants, 21 Meise, 22 Mill, 23 Dens.

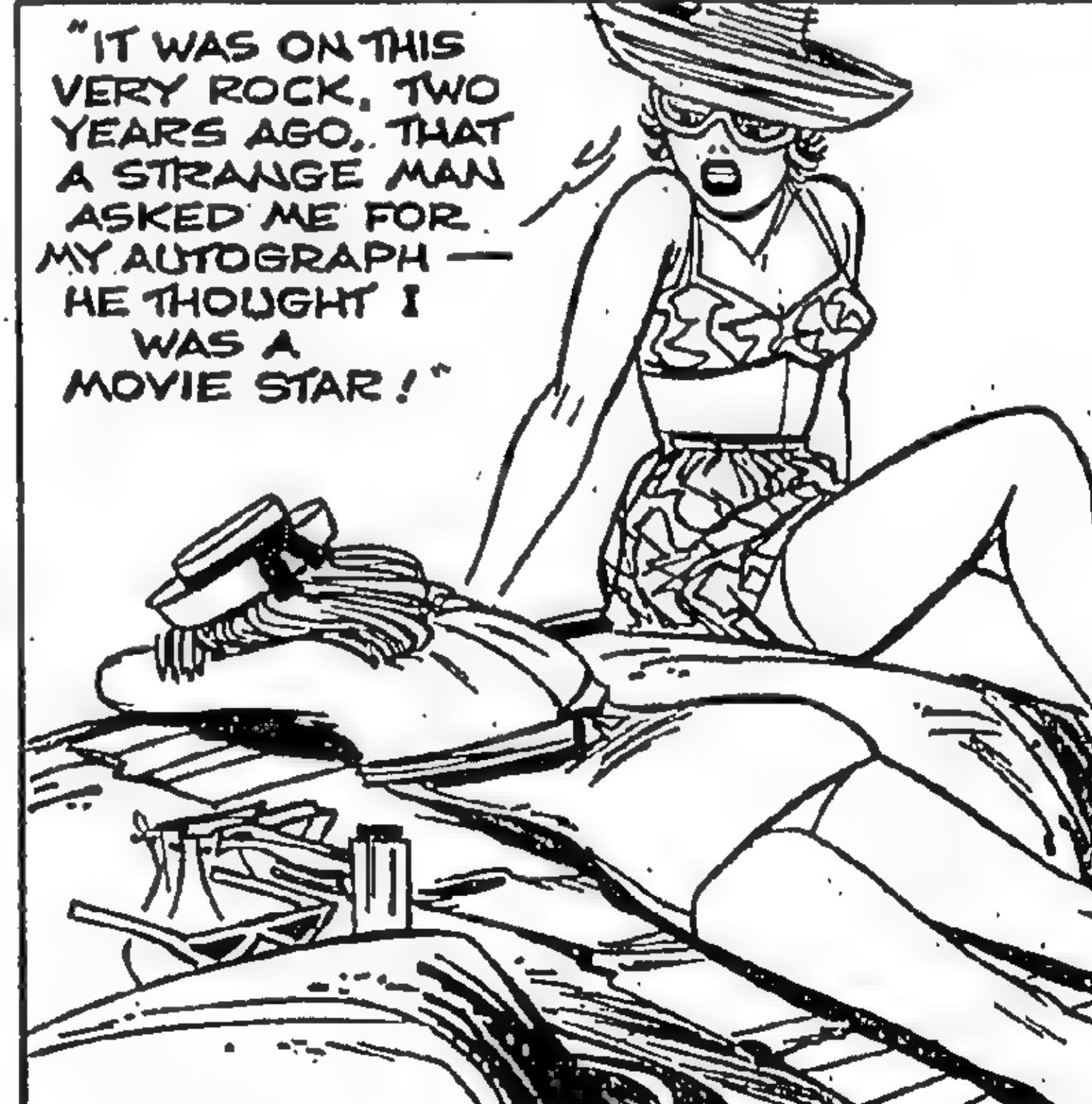
VIGNETTES OF LIFE



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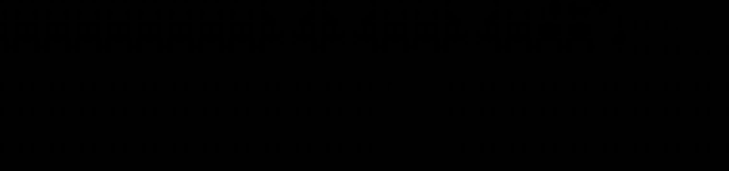
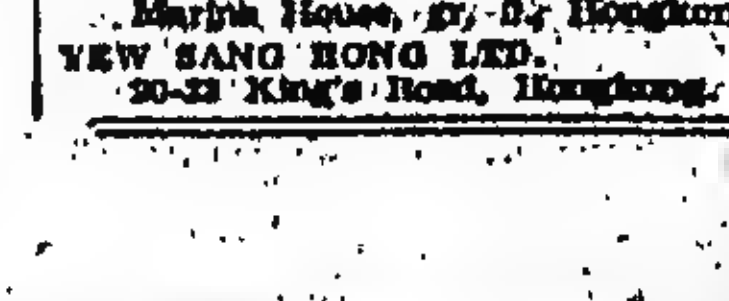
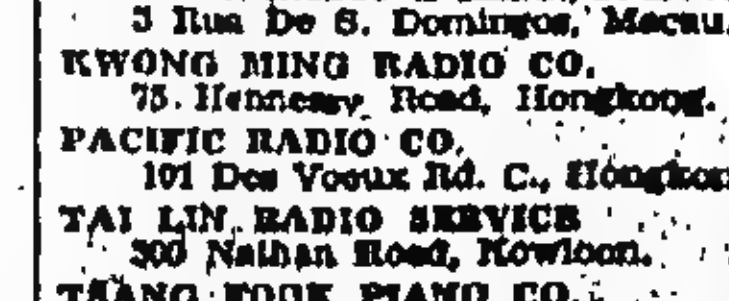
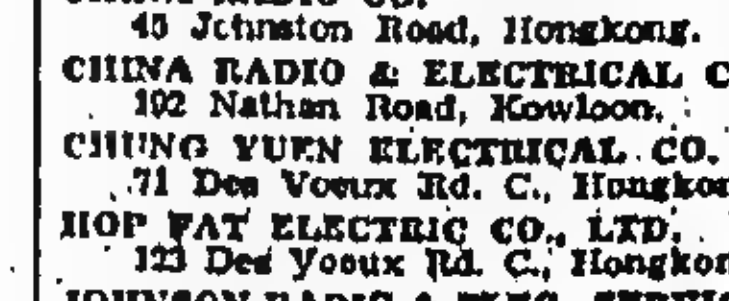
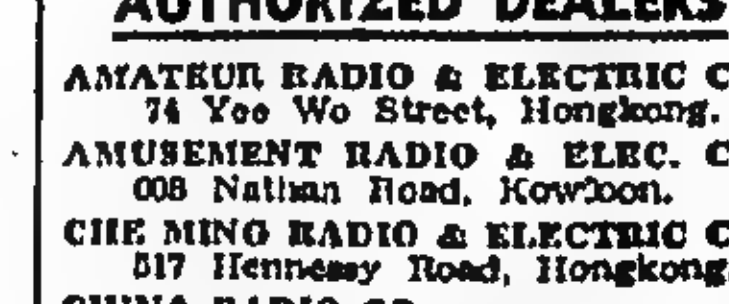
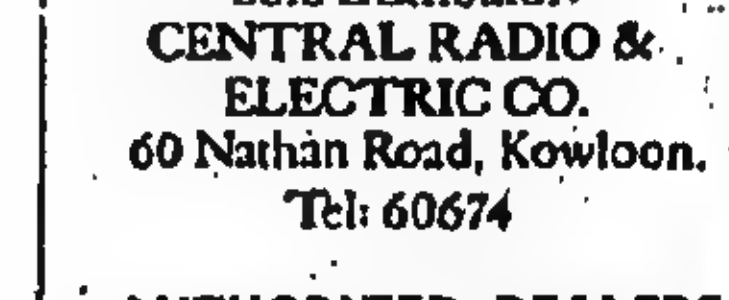
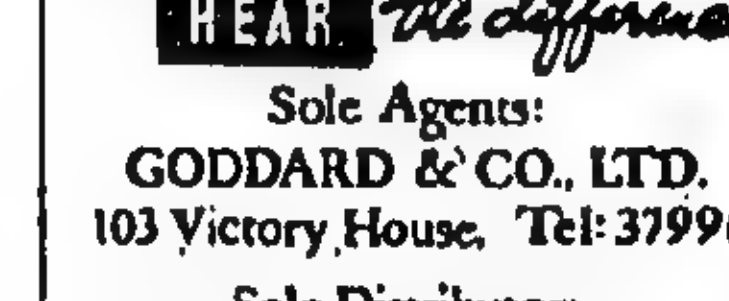
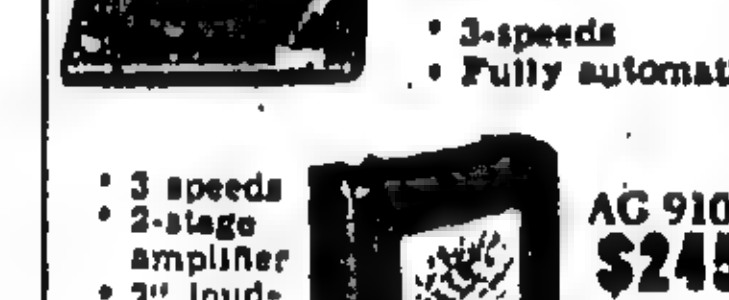
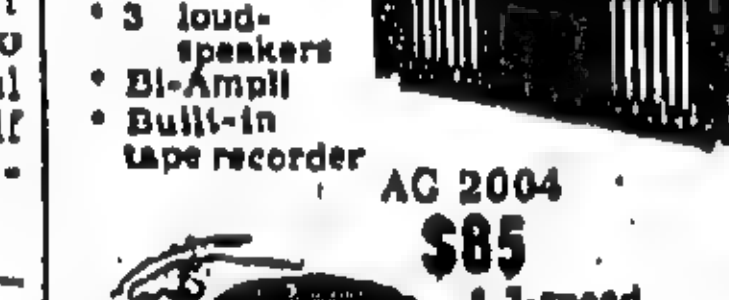
By Harry Weinert



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BRITAIN NOT LIKELY TO BE REPRESENTED AT EUROPEAN SWIM MEET AT BUDAPEST

By DEREK JOHN

Crazy, ridiculous, extraordinary... Call it what you will. But the fact remains that Britain is not likely to be represented at the European Swimming Championships in Budapest next year.

The reason? The Budapest date clashes with that of the 1958 National Championships at Blackpool in September.

So Britain, now richer in swimming talent than at any time in the past 30 years, may throw away an excellent chance of gaining some European titles.

This piece of bad bungling by the British Amateur Swimming Association is explained by the fact that Blackpool baths are not available before September. No other pool is large enough to accommodate the National Championships which have attracted 1,300 entries.

I can offer one solution. Change the venue and limit the number of entries. At present any member of a swimming club can enter for the championships—irrespective of his or her standard of swimming.

It will be a tragedy if the organisers will stand little chance against the mighty Australian challenge.

Of course, there are the British Empire Games at Cardiff next July. But here the British swimmers will stand little chance against the mighty Australian challenge.

OLDEST CHAMPION

At last the wise-cracking leg-pulling Gardner Mulloy has admitted what everyone has always suspected. He really is 43 years old.

This confession establishes the ever-young American tennis star as the oldest Wimbledon Champion in history. With Budge Patty, he won the men's doubles this year.

Previously, the oldest Wimbledon title-holder was the late Arthur Gore, an Englishman who won the singles for the third time in 1912. He was then 41-years-old.

Mulloy's victory was the biggest and most pleasant surprise of this year's Wimbledon. He had been a runner-up in the men's doubles in 1948 and 1949. But in 1957 it was felt that

he had missed his chance of victory.

Gardner Mulloy has not missed Wimbledon since the war. And this year he was the oldest competitor in the singles.

I have news this week of another remarkable American tennis star: Art Larsen, the wily National Singles title in 1950 and played in the Davis Cup the following two years.

Larsen was seriously injured in a motor-scooter accident some six months ago. He is now blind in his left eye, unable to see his right arm, walks with a limp, and suffers from partial loss of memory.

And yet—incredibly—this man is playing tennis again. He recently took part in the Central Californian doubles championship.

LAST BIG VICTORY

Art Larsen's last big victory was at the men's doubles, with Gordon Forbes, at the 1953 Paris Championships.

Of course, he is now only a shadow of his former self on the tennis court. But what a lionhearted sportsman!

It had to happen, I suppose. Russia's No. 1 high jumper Yuriy Stepanov has been breaking up with such amazing regularity that doubts have been cast about the fairness of his jumps.

Questions are being asked about the thick-soled shoe he wears on his take-off foot. If the shoe contained any mechanical device to give extra spring it would naturally be illegal.

But I can clear away these doubts. Stepanov was wearing his special shoe at the recent meeting against Great Britain in London. In no way does it contravene international regulations.

The shoe is fitted with a thick sponge rubber sole with spikes attached. The sole is about one inch thick.

This shoe, which Stepanov wore when setting the world record at 7 ft 11 in, may save him from jarring his heels. But an expert assures me that it would give no "spring-board" advantage.

All high-jumpers may wear shoes with extra-thick soles—provided that they have the cash to have them specially made.

UNWRITTEN LAWS

Are the unwritten laws of cricket too strictly observed? It would seem so when we look at a recent incident in the Yorkshire v Gloucestershire match.

Yorkshire off-spinner Ray Illingworth dismissed two batsmen with successive balls in the first innings and had the chance of a hat-trick when Sam Cook, one of the game's "rabbits", came to the crease.

But this was Cook's benefit match and custom decrees that the beneficiary should receive a "trotter" ball for his first delivery to get off the mark.

Illingworth gallantly obliged. Cook shared in a last wicket partnership of nine. And Gloucestershire won the match by two wickets.

All football clubs, I imagine, suffer occasionally from those know-all supporters who harass players and referee alike by shouting out advice during the course of a match. But how many of these people really know what they are talking about?

Not many, thought officials of the French club, Troyes F.C. So they have presented all their followers with a leaflet containing the most important laws of soccer.

Already the advice from the stands has become more expert and referees in charge of Troyes matches have remarked most favourably on the behaviour of the crowds.

ON EQUAL TERMS

Greta Anderson, the Danish Olympic swimmer, beat the swiftest man competitor and

the only other finisher in the recent France v England Channel swim. Which raises the question: "Why can women compete on equal terms with men in this one field of sport?"

At short distance swimming, athletics, and every sort of game (save perhaps croquet) men, with their superior strength, reach, and speed, are beyond feminine rivalry.

Yet Channel swimming, probably the toughest endurance test of the sporting world, resounds with women's names since American Gertrude Ederle was the first successful woman in 1926. Since then 21 women have conquered the Channel's currents, including the American Florence Chadwick, who was successful four times.

Maybe many women are better built physically (plenty of fat is an advantage) to withstand the cold, and are more buoyant than men. That, at least, seems a reasonable answer.

While Miss Anderson was beating all men in the Channel race, 45-year-old Commander Gerald Forsberg, without any fuss, was beating a woman's record for the other direction.

He swam from Dover to Cap Gris Nez in 13 hours 33 minutes. That was 22 minutes faster than Florence Chadwick's record in 1956.

The Admiralty knows Commander Forsberg as Assistant Director of Boom Defence and Marine Salvage. His staff knows him as "the amiable man who swims at lunchtime."

"When others go off to their food and their beer, I go off to the Serpentine," he says.

"I try to swim about two miles a day all the year round, working up to 20 miles at summer week-ends. A lot of my colleagues think it is because I am too mean to buy lunch."

This was the Commander's first attempt at the Channel. His tip for other 45-year-olds?—

"Age doesn't count. Fitness and a study of the technique of sport is what matters. I draw my inspiration from Stuart Sutcliffe, Jim Peters and Stanley Matthews."

But the Commander adds: "I feel I've had the last of Channel swimming—call it the feeling of the morning after the night before if you like."

(London Express Service.)

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Only two women have ever won the Wimbledon singles title, three years in succession. Who are they?
2. What is symbolised by five coloured rings joined together?
3. Which famous film star once played cricket for England against Australia?
4. Who has scored the greatest number of runs in one English cricket season?
5. UNAJ GINOFIA and OLSUE HORBUG (anagram). One is an ace; the other can produce an ace.
6. In which sport do you have a middle-heavyweight?
7. How many times has Britain defeated the United States in the Walker Cup golf match?
8. Which countries have Rugby teams with these names:—a) All Blacks, b) Springboks c) Wallabies d) Lions?
9. Len Hutton, Wally Hammond, Denis Compton and Don Bradman. What is the correct order for these cricketers as the top scorers in Test cricket?
10. Which player was the subject of the highest transfer fee in the history of British football?

(Answers See Page 17)

RECORD-BREAKER



Tamara Press, 21-year-old discus thrower, pictured training at Hurlingham for the athletics match against Great Britain which took place last week-end.

She set a British All-Comers record with a throw of 171 feet 1 inch.

'CHARLTON MUST COME FIRST' SAYS HEWIE

By BERNARD JOY

If asked to pin-point the major weakness which caused Charlton to be relegated last season, I would say poor distribution. Even Stuart Leary, whom I rate second only to Johnny Haynes in making an accurate pass at speed, was often wide of his colleagues.

There will be no shortcomings this time. Charlton have made a fetish of fitness. Manager Jimmy Trotter himself is supervising and coach Jack Shreeve, the former full-back, is in charge of pressure training to spur players to greater efforts.

Superior fitness will lead to accurate passing, stamina, and self-confidence. If Charlton could have started last year with the team as it is now, they would not have been relegated. That does not mean they are going to jump straight back, because it is easier to stay in the First Division than win the long and exacting race for promotion.

The brightest feature last season was the uncovering of several youngsters of promise— Trevor Edwards, who was capped by Wales after six League games, Brian Kinsey, and wing-half Keith Cox. John Sewell, Gordon Jago and Fred Lucas.

Widely, however, Charlton are relying on a blend of youth and experience in team selection. Thus, internationals "Long John" Hewie and Derek Upton are in the defence with Edwards and Jago, and dapper Billy Kiernan is retained in the attack.

SIXTH FORWARD

Hewie will be right-half because his energy and tactical sense enable him to be a sixth forward at times. When I asked him if he minded playing away from his Scotland position of left-back, he said: "I put Charlton's needs first."

This is an important season for two North-East players, Bobby Ayre, from Berwick, and goalkeeper Frank Reed, who towers 10 inches above him.

Recently Ayre has been but a shadow of the little fellow who won Young England caps by the decisive way he struck through the middle of defence. Loss of form was due to dislocating both elbows and a strenuous tour of South Africa.

He spent the summer getting fit, with plenty of golf and fresh air.

Although Willie Duff is still on loan from Heart's, Reed can stake his claim to be the long-term successor of Sam Bartrom.

Charlton have a large proportion of players of about the same ability. There is little to choose, for example, between four backs, Edwards, Ellis, Townsend, and Campbell, while White, Surrey cricketer Mickey Stewart, Kinsey and McCarthy are just edged out of the team. They have, too, a number of

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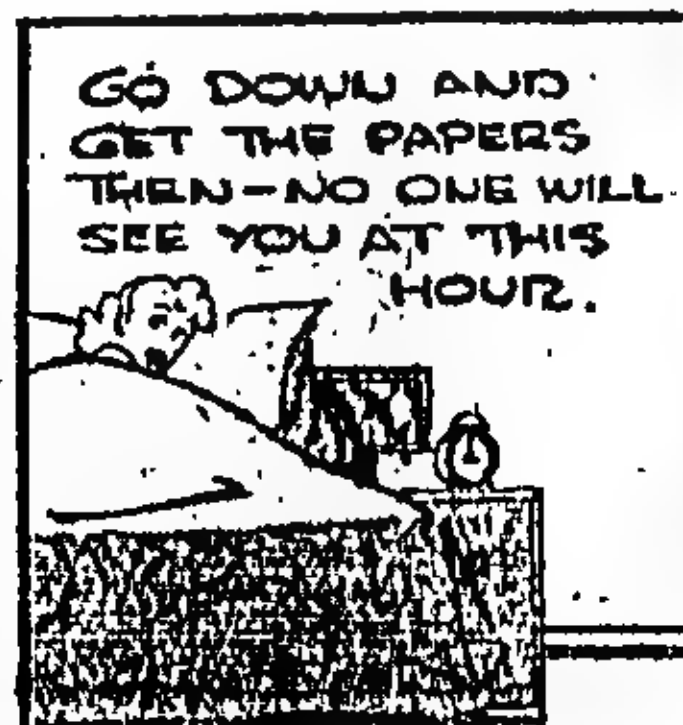
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CHANNEL SWIM WINNER



Greta Anderson, 30-year-old Danish Olympic gold medalist, became the first woman to win Butlin's International Cross Channel Swimming race. She landed at Eastware Bay, near Folkestone, at 6.02 p.m., 13 hours 52 minutes after entering the water at Cap Gris Nez, on the French coast. In a final spurt, she covered the last 150 yards in 13 minutes. Picture shows Greta Anderson splashing ashore at Eastware Bay — the first swimmer to land. — Reuterphoto.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Louise Brough and Maureen Connolly.
2. The five continents meeting at the Olympic Games.
3. The late Sir C. Aubrey Smith.
4. Denis Compton, 3,815 in 1947.
5. Juan Fangio and Louise Brough.
6. Weightlifting.
7. Once, in 1938.
8. a) New Zealand, b) South Africa, c) Australia, d) British Isles.
9. Hammond (7,249); Runey (6,990); Hutton (6,971); Compton (5,595).
10. John Charles, Welsh international, for whom Juventus F.C. of Turin paid £65,000.

These, Of Course, Are Table Tennis And Lawn Bowls

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

During a quiet conversation in a club the other day I was intrigued by a question which one of the participants saw fit to throw into the round of talk. It came after several comments had been made about the achievements of Hongkong's sportsmen. He asked "Just where does this Colony stand in relation to the rest of the world as far as present standards are concerned.....?"

I wonder how one should try to answer such a question...and I wonder if there is a fair yardstick against which our standing can be honestly assessed.

Hongkong is a small spot on the global map...and yet for all our minute acreage I believe we can be proud of the achievements of our representatives both at home and overseas. For a place so small we have done very well and even if so far we have failed to reach the dizzy heights of world and Olympic success we have established a lot of sporting goodwill in many countries; we have, too, seen the names of Hongkong representatives inscribed in the record books of other countries.

Thinking down the list of our various activities I tried to see exactly where some of our games stood on the international scale and strangely enough it was not to soccer and the great team sports that my thoughts were directed but to table tennis and lawn bowls. Surely no two sports could be more dissimilar. There is no doubt at all that our top Chinese table tennis players are right on the verge of world honours and they lack only regular top class opposition to give them the preparation which could easily coax them over the final testing obstacles that stand between hopeful aspirants and world Championship status.

BY ANY STANDARDS

The Chinese stars in the Colony are great players by any

standards and it is certain that the gulf between them and the glittering prizes of international supremacy is narrow. The right breaks, the right encouragement could see it bridged.

The general standard of Lawn Bowls in Hongkong is high and although the game does not enjoy complete acceptance throughout the world it does enjoy immense popularity in the British Commonwealth and in a few countries outside of it.

The sparkling achievements of our Colony representatives in the last Empire Games at Vancouver are still talked about in many countries where the woods are rolled, and there is a quiet confidence that the top honours so narrowly missed in Canada may very well be won by the men who carry the Hongkong colours to Cardiff next year.

The 1958 sporting pilgrimage to Wales might also see our up-and-coming fencers breaking into the international limelight and reaping the reward for all the hard work the Hongkong Amateur Fencing Association has put into its training these past few years.

We shall certainly be strongly represented and it will not be any real surprise if our swordsmen emerge as our most successful participants in the Empire Games.

There, however, we really come to a stop for at the present time we have no swimmers or athletes who can really be regarded as likely to win top international honours. We have, of course, several capable performers in both spheres, but with the constant improvements in championship standards we have to admit, however reluctantly, that, internationally speaking, we are short of the mark.

HOPEFUL FUTURE

There is one other sport in which we do enjoy international recognition. That is shooting, and as it is probable that we shall again be represented in some of the big important competitions, there is no reason to believe that we cannot hold... and even improve... our present standing.

If this article had been written a few years ago it would have been possible to include tennis in the hopeful category among our sports, but although our veteran star K.H. Ip is still in action the game today lacks now personalities.

In the past few days Ip has of course added the Malayan Singles Championship to his already imposing list of international successes, but surely it would be asking too much to believe that he can, at this late stage in his career, fulfil his early promise of winning world class honours.

Nevertheless men like K.H. Ip and his equally famous partner, Edwin Tsai, can still make a great contribution to Colony tennis by passing on their knowledge and sharing their wide international experience with the current crop of youngsters who desperately need such guidance if they are ever going to attain the status reached by Ip and Tsai.

Cricket, rugby, and hockey all enjoy a measure of popularity, but even the keenest followers of any of them would hesitate to make claims that the standard was generally better than "provincial"... and certainly one cannot see any world shattering achievements accruing from them.

That is simply a statement of comparative opinion and it is not intended to minimise in any way the tremendous pleasure derived from these games by Hongkong participants and spectators.

RIGHT POLICY

Boxing is, at the moment, far removed from anything resembling international class and as long as we have to depend on the temporary presence of Service boxers to improve and boost our stock it could remain that way.

However, the Hongkong Amateur Boxing Association has adopted the right policy of coaching the schoolboys. Such a policy must eventually pay dividends and the youngsters of our day may yet blossom out as men capable of stepping into the international field with a real chance of victory.

That will, indeed, be a great day for Hongkong... as well as being a rightful reward for the foresight of the HKABA and the patience of tough, old timers like Ramsey Buckes. It is indeed a pleasant speculation but time alone will tell whether or not it is merely a dream.

That leaves only soccer among the major sports and my personal views on the subject of our football potential is already well known. Suffice it to say we have wonderful potential material... but un-

Sports Diary

TODAY

Swimming

HKOR Swimming Championships, Victoria Pool, 2 p.m.
Chinese Swimming Championships, Chai at Chung Sing Pavilion, 2 p.m.

Golf

Mixed Foursome, semi-finals, Deep Water Bay.

Soccer

Charity Game: South China v KMB (CHI), 8 p.m.

Bowls

Second Division: PRC v FC 'Red'; HKYC v USRC; FC 'Blue' v KDC; CCC v HKCC; KCC v HKFC.
Third Division: KCC v HKFC; CCC v HKCC; HKC v HKPSA; KCC v HKCC; HKRC v PRC.

fortunately it lacks the right kind of guidance to bear the best results.

The whole football atmosphere is bitter, suspicious, and uncompromising and in such an environment of mutual divided loyalties our chances of achieving international success are badly prejudiced.

There are some disappointments in that review. However, when one remembers that in addition to the games and sports mentioned we can also boast of plenty of ability in basketball, yachting and rowing, in volleyball, in football, in badminton, and many other games, there is good ground for feeling that much has been and is being achieved in our comparatively restricted community.

At this stage of our development we can feel proud of what has been accomplished. We certainly have no reason to feel ashamed. Much still remains to be done... and with the right administration, suitable encouragement, and expert coaching it can be done both with satisfaction to the competitors and credit to Hongkong sport.

NOT HUMOROUS

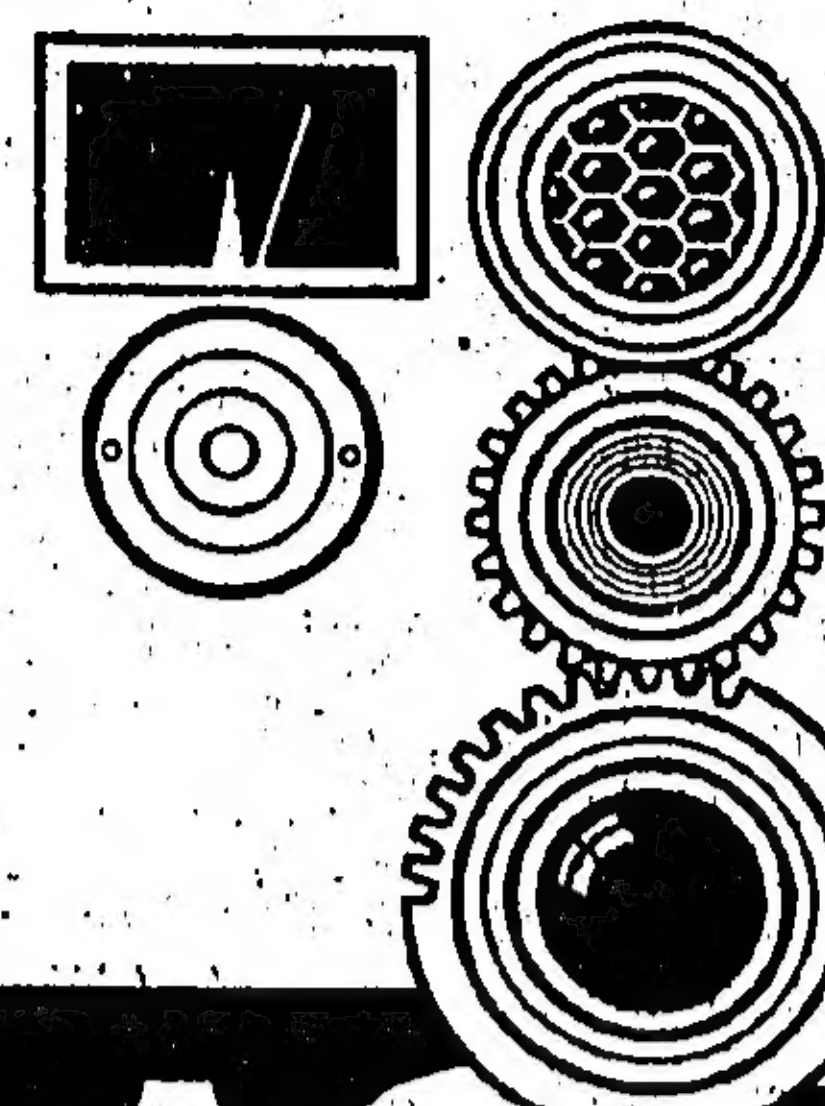
There is no lack of humour in the current bitter difference of opinion between the CFA and the HKFA regarding the voting rights of the Chinese organisations at the AGM and other meetings of the parent body.

The suggestion that the privilege to vote at the HKFA would automatically render the Chinese clubs liable to pay a percentage of their gates to the HKFA when they play games under any other authority has made them think again.

Now some of the Chinese officials are saying openly that they don't really want the voting rights after all, but that they continue to fight the issue 'as a matter of principle.'

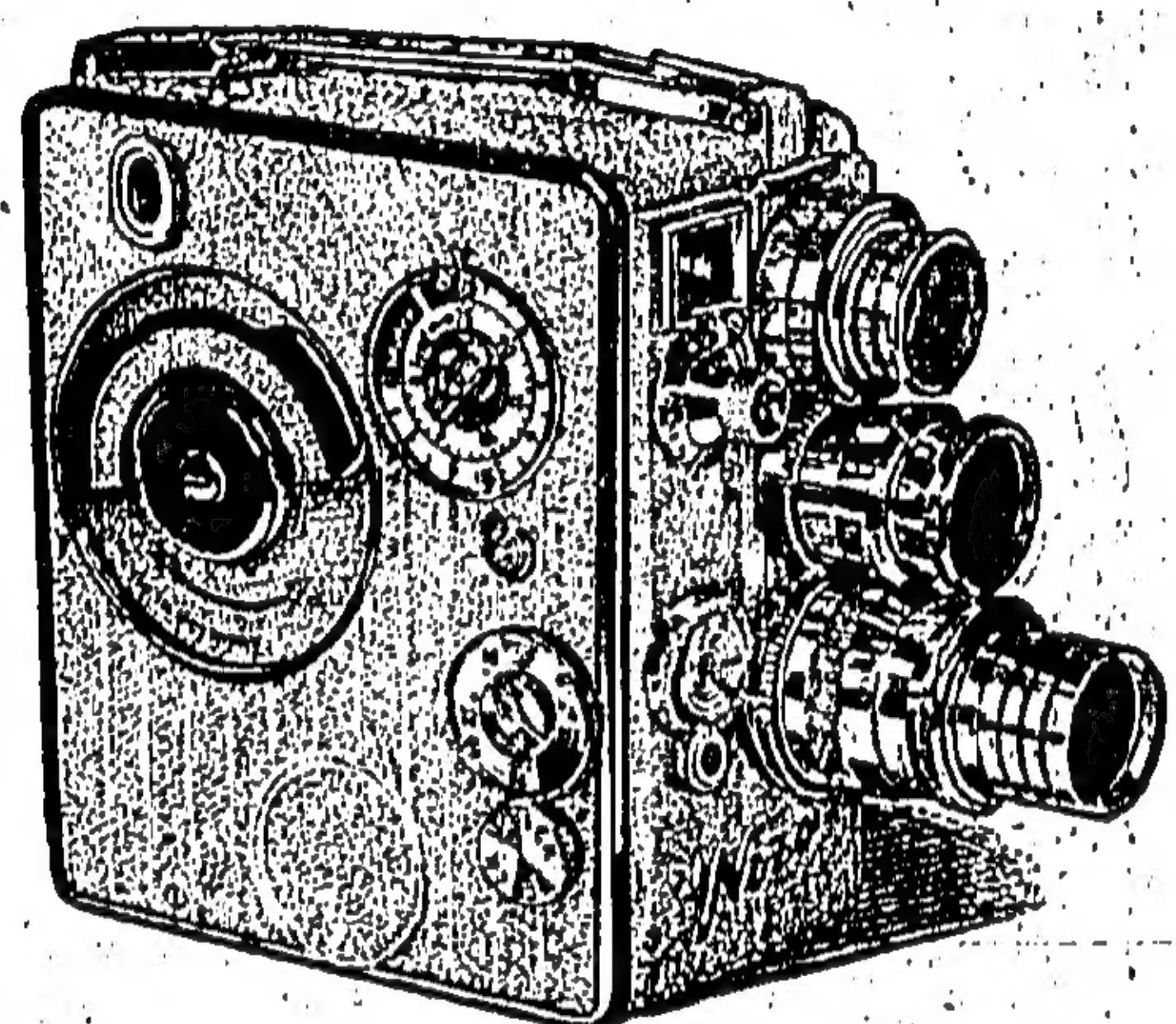
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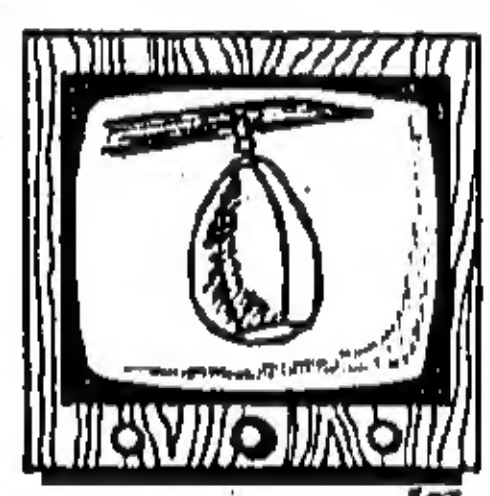
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NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

1. Phone
2. Top dog
3. Not square
4. Measures of time
5. Kid ones?
6. Blushed?
7. Belgian town
8. Shot
9. English town
10. Naval vessel
11. Continent
12. Such a partner
13. Clever hands
14. Nobleman

Solution on Back Page.

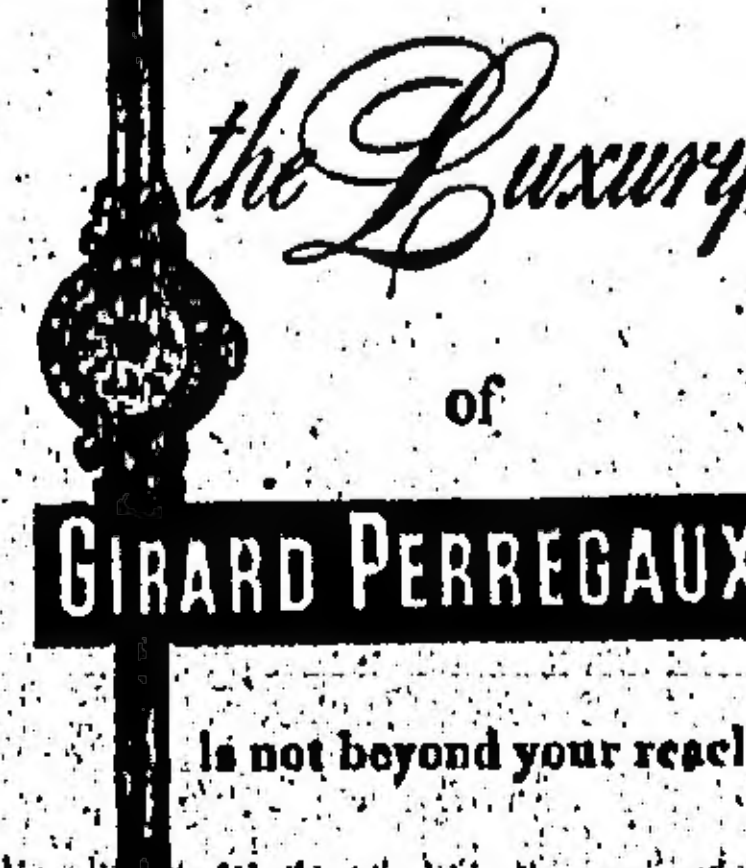
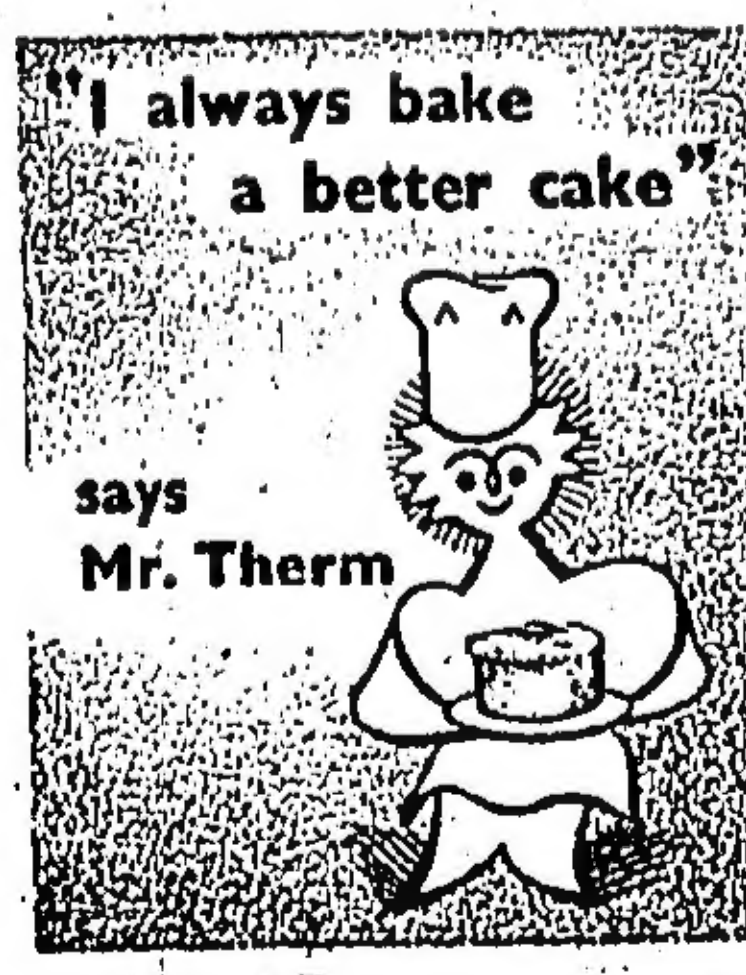
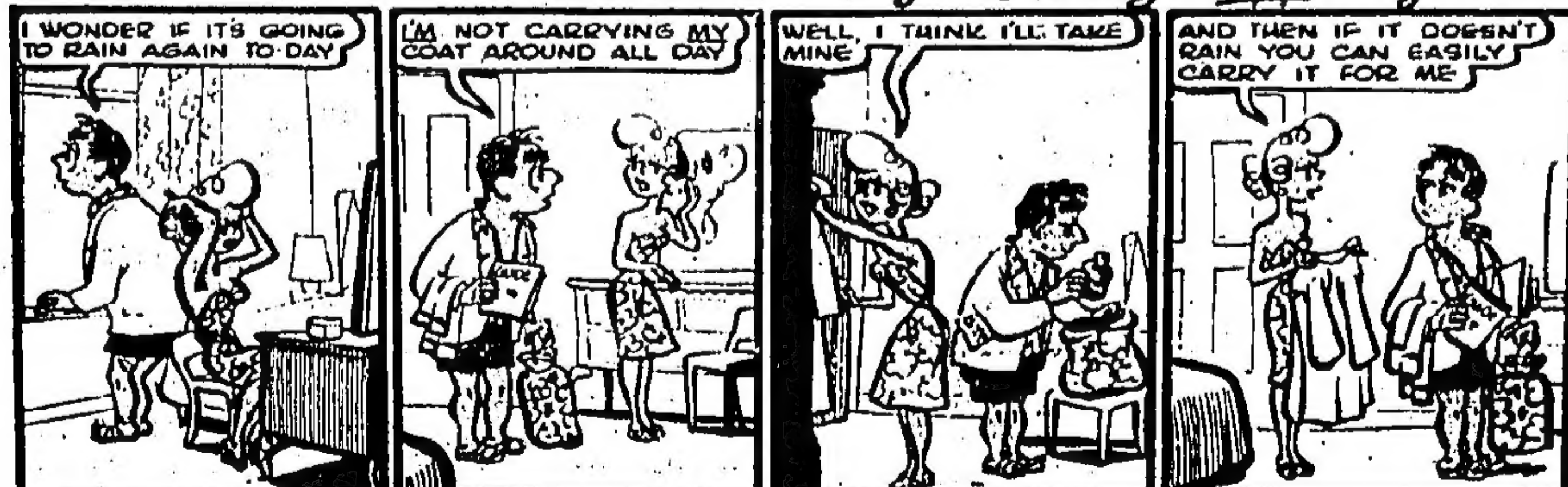
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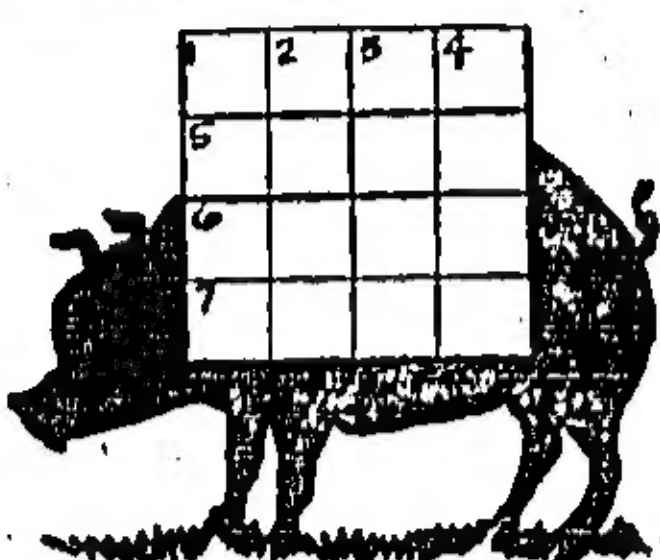
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YOUR PUZZLE CORNER GRANDPA AS A WEATHERMAN—

CROSSWORD

The Puzzlemaster's crossword puzzle is short but hard, so Cartoonist Cal places it on the silhouette of something that is the first answer:



ACROSS

- More than one of this silhouette.
- Mountain (comb. form.)
- Used with a fishing rod
- Essential being

DOWN

- Minute skin opening
- Angers
- Driving commands
- Part of the foot

BACK AND FORTH

When you solve these definitions, you'll find your first answer is the same as your second when you read it backward:

Preposition — Bathe in this floor cover — Scottish cap

Cooking vessel — Spinning

Was victorious — Present time

Boy's name — Snaky fish

"F" WORDS

How many things beginning with "F" can you find in Cartoonist Cal's drawing? Ten or more is very good because the Puzzlemaster says he finds 13:



TRIANGLE

Here's a word triangle based on COMETS. The second word is "to accomplish"; third "a dress edge"; fourth "where you live"; and fifth "to resign". Can you complete the triangle?

COMETS
(Solutions on Page 19)

TURN to Matthew 16, verses 2 and 3 in your Bible, and you'll read: "He answered and said unto them: 'When it is evening, ye say, it will be fair weather; for the sky is red... And in the morning, it will be foul weather today, for the sky is red and lowering.'"

As time rolled on, this Biblical passage became: "Evening red and morning grey, send the traveller on his way." The last verse was rhymed to: "Red in the morning, sailor take warning."

These are without doubt our oldest weather signs. And today, after centuries, science admits there is much truth in them.

Not all weather signs, of course, are correct. Some are pure fantasy, folk lore, superstition.

You've seen smoke rising straight up from chimneys in the morning. Grandfather always insisted this was a sign of good weather. Science says he was right.

Since the world began, man has fought his biggest battle with the weather. Great nations have risen — and fallen — because of whims of the weather. Why do we talk about the weather? Simply because it controls the three basic essentials of life: food, clothing, shelter.

A halo, or ring, around the moon meant approaching bad weather to grandfather. Today science ad-



"Red at night, sailor's delight," a lone gull flies against sunset.

mits he was right. The corona you see is caused by a thin cloud layer floating high in the heavens, with millions of tiny ice crystals forming — a condition that generally brings a weather change within 24 hours.

"I'll rain tomorrow," grandmother says. "My cat has been eating grass," Science shrugs at this one.

Old Tabby, they say, was merely trying to replenish her supply of vitamin B.

Grandfather referred to a dappled cloud condition as "rain seed clouds." Science referred to it as a "mackerel sky" and girded their ships for rough weather. Science upholds their expectation of bad weather.

From the first days of recorded history, men have studied and written about the weather. The wind, clouds, air humidity, all come in for attention.

And we've made progress. Radar is now used to study hurricanes; men fly into the recede of a hurricane to clock its velocity.

"Thunder in July, frost in June," is an old saying dating back far into the past. But science cannot associate any truth to it.

People suffering from rheumatism and bursitis often remark that the weather is changing, for they feel it in their bones. Change in barometric pressure might cause this, science says.

Older farmers plant crops under certain moon signs. You question their judgment. And they come right back with this puzzle: If the moon causes ocean tides, why should it not affect growing things?

The weatherman is always wrong, according to popular legend. But he isn't. He is right at least 80 per cent of the time.

Want A Good Dose Of Suspense?

LIBRARIANS have a special name for the kind of book that puzzles or scares you half to death. They call them suspense books. But many readers prefer to think of them as "hold-your-breath books." Here's a list of some good ones.

The Java Wreckmen by Frank Crisp may scare you right out of your shoes. There's gold in a sunken vessel, bad weather and a diver with a dagger to mention only a few of the excitement. If you missed Mr Crisp's earlier books, The Haunted Reef and The Sea Raiders, now is a good time to check them out, too.

There's a gay Mexican mystery in Senorita Okay by Nancy Hartwell. When Triss O'Kane, a pair of travelling twins and a man of mystery are shaken up together, the reader gets good, lively suspense.



Rick Davis "wanted a little pandemonium" and what he gets is William MacKellar's Danger in the Mist at least that. From the time a Swiss coin is found on a Scottish hillside, things move to a real surprise ending.

A different mystery is Rosina Copper, Mystery Mare by Kitty Barne. The story follows the amazing life of a polo pony ordered killed after an injury received in an international

match. So how did Rosina get to England where she sleeps in a kitchen and "is turned out each morning with the cat?"

The truth can certainly be puzzling. In Mysteries of the North Pole, Robert De La Croix tells of four ill-fated attempts to reach the farthest point north. Strange and still unexplained misfortunes befell these expeditions.

Other "suspense" include Operation Gelayaw by Ronald Selby, the story of a rescue from behind the Iron Curtain has everything in the excitement department; Carolina House by Elizabeth Kyle... a puzzle that leads back to Revolutionary days; Old Tangle Eye by R. E. Johnson, this one jigsaws the Gold Rush and an old buffalo; A Spy in Williamsburg... boy spies in cloak and dagger stuff of colonial times; and Step to the Stars by Lester del Rey... suspense in space.

Hey! Don't stop breathing altogether... —LEE PRIESTLEY

These Have A Professional Look

A VERY pretty and useful flower pot can be made from a one-pound coffee can, a short piece of rope and strips of bark.

Partly dry bark is best to use. Strip the pieces from large limbs or a fallen tree trunk. Soak in water until very limber. Drain on newspaper.

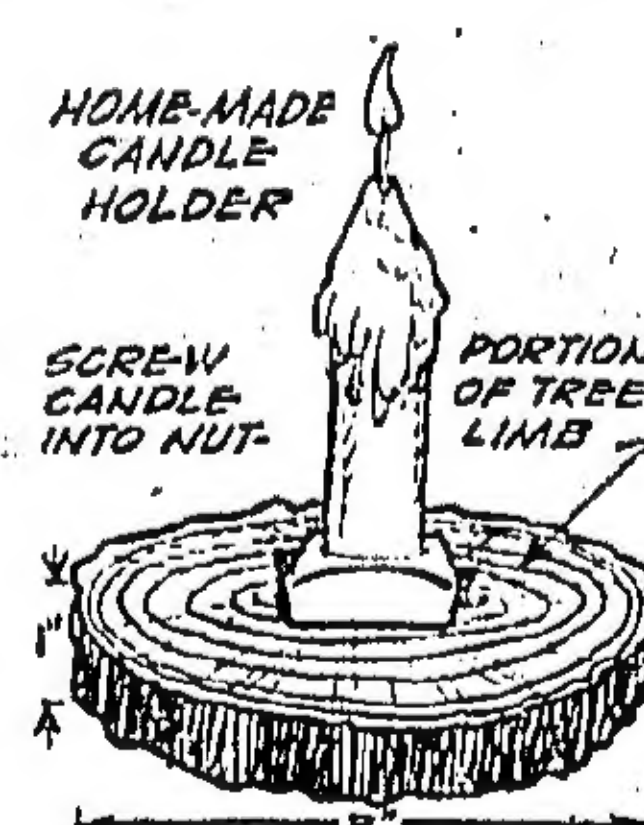
Cut a short piece of small rope for a handle. Place in position, looping it across the top and allowing the ends to extend down into the can about one inch.

Punch a hole with an ice pick on each side of the two ends.

Put a short piece of wire from the outside of the can through holes on each side of rope. Wire ends together to hold each rope end securely.

Coat the outside of the can with a thick layer of wood glue or household cement. Then place the strips of bark around the can evenly to cover the can. Trim the ends smoothly to join without leaving any space.

Tie a wide cloth around the can to hold the bark in place



until it dries. Finish with one coat of varnish stain on bark and rope.

Fill can with rich dirt and plant an ivy slip. Water sparingly and your ivy should grow nicely for a long time.

Unusual candle holders are nice for gifts and useful around the house too. Why not make some like the one pictured?

Cut the base from a green tree limb about three inches in diameter. Saw a piece one inch thick, being careful not to loosen bark around the edge.

Smooth the sawed edges with sandpaper and sand each side alike. Glue a one-inch iron nut in the centre with household cement or metal glue.

Varnish the holder with dark varnish stain. When dry, screw a candle in the threads of the nut and the holder is finished.

Need flowers for your table? Then make your own. You will like these.

For your table centerpiece use a round shallow bowl. Fill it about half full of water. Float a few pieces of fern or several twigs of evergreen in the water.

Now for your flowers.

Find two or three large corks and cut them into thin round slices. Draw on paper, as many flowers of different kinds as you have slices of cork. Colour them.

With just a drop of glue in the centre top of the slice, mount one flower on each slice of cork. Float your flowers on the water in the bowl among your sprigs of green.

Rupert and the Fiddle—9



Rupert's pale watch him walking slowly away as if he has forgotten them. "He's playing his game well," Bill laughs. "It must be a game, since none of us can hear the noise he speaks of. Let's just wait and pretend to forget him. He's sure to come back."

However, Rupert carries on, listening all the time, and sometimes catching the sound quite clearly. "Whatever is it? I've never heard it before," he murmurs. "Near a hedge he comes across a large stone. 'Wait a minute, don't run and hide,' he says. 'I've a question to ask that you may be able to answer.'"

AN INDIAN LEGEND HE LOST HIS ONE EYE IN A BET...



An Ishkia-Ana threw more sticks on the fire, the boiling tar flowed down into the valley.

NEAR a valley between Trechado and Grants, New Mexico, there once lived an Acoma Indian who had only one eye. Because of this misfortune, he was called Ishkia-Ana.

He was an expert player of quoits, a game in which the players toss a ball at a stake. Ishkia-Ana played quoits as often as he could find an opponent. And he always won.

One day the other Acoma Indians got together and decided to gang up on this one-eyed champion and to try to beat him at his favourite sport. At last they devised a plan by which they could beat him.

DESPERATE In game after game, these players won from Ishkia-Ana until he had nothing left. He had bet all his belongings, his pony, his blanket, his moccasins, and even the clothing he had been wearing.

In desperation, Ishkia-Ana decided to bet his one eye

possession a secret and had guarded it with great care. As soon as he reached home, he fumbled among the beams overhead until he found this highly prized object. It was small and dark and looked somewhat like a lump of tar.

Carefully, Ishkia-Ana took the dark lump from its hiding place and carried it down into the valley. Then he gathered small sticks, built a fire and kept replenishing it until the heat from the flames was intense.

DELUGE Then he threw the dark object into the fire. As soon as the heat penetrated the lump, it began to expand, bubble and boil.

The fire grew hotter and hotter; the dark object kept expanding. Soon it began to flow from the fire out into the valley.

Ishkia-Ana kept the fire burning until the boiling liquid filled the entire valley. This molten mass destroyed all the homes of the Indians and killed many of them.

Those who escaped started the great migration to the sea. But Ishkia-Ana was left behind to starve because he was thoroughly despised by the other Indians.

The cooled tar can be seen even today in what are now known as the great lava beds.

—LOUISE JEAN WALKER

Behind The Bookshelf

—The Shadows Visit Friends In A Make-Believe Town—

By MAX TRELL

HAVING made themselves small and flat, Knarf and Handi, the shadows, got the step ladder, climbed up to the top of the bookshelf and climbed down on the other side, that is to say, in back of the bookshelf.

It was a remarkable thing. All the books which looked so much like books when you looked at them from the front of the bookcase, now looked like houses when you looked at them from the back of the bookcase. It was all very much like a quiet street in a pretty little town.

On reaching the Mother Goose House, Knarf and Handi were about to ring the bell when they noticed a little girl working in the garden.

"Why, it's Mary!" cried Handi.

In Mary's Garden

At this moment, Mary looked up from the ground where she seemed to be planting some seeds and gave a friendly smile, motioning them to come over.

As they walked toward her, down the little gravel path through the flower beds, Knarf thought of the poem about Mary which went:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow? "Oh no, I'm not planting anything at all," Mary said when Knarf and Handi came up to her and asked her what she was doing. "I'm doing just the contrary. I'm gathering all the seeds that my flowers have left me. They've been growing all summer, you know."

Mary stood up and showed them a handful of seeds. They were all of different sizes and shapes and colours. Some were round, some were square, some had little points like stars, some were bright red, some were blue, some had no colour at all, just shone like bits of glass.

"Of course," said Mary, "these aren't the regular kind of seeds that most people grow in their garden. These are very special magic seeds."

"How?" asked Handi. "Simple Simon. It grows in the stillest places, such as on top of walls and along the edge of flower pots. And these," she said, holding up some yellow seeds, "are Lazy Daisies. They don't open their petals until three in the afternoon and sometimes they sleep all day, especially when everyone else is working hard."

Handi wanted to know the name of the star-shaped seeds. "On them—they're called Star Eyes!" said Mary. "You can't see them at all in the daytime. But if you walk in the garden at night, you see them twinkling just like stars. And these," she said, holding up a few of the tiny glass-like seeds, "are called Woe Willie. Woe Willie flowers. They grow up stairs and down stairs and all about the town."

She's Not That Contrary Mary had lots of other strange things to tell. She had Dandelions that looked like lions and Tiger Lilies that looked like Tigers and many others.

"You know," said Knarf, as they all sat down on the steps in front of the Mother Goose House, "I think you ought to plant those seeds now."

"Now?" said Mary in surprise. "Now? It's almost winter."

"But your garden is different from everybody else's."

"So it is," said Mary. "Then you oughtn't to plant it at the time that everybody else does," Knarf said. "I'm not that contrary," she said. And she laughed. Mary took Knarf and Handi inside the Mother Goose House. There they found Mother Goose making a beautiful pie.

"It's a berry pie," Mary said to Knarf and Handi. "The berries come from my own garden. And what do you suppose they're called?"

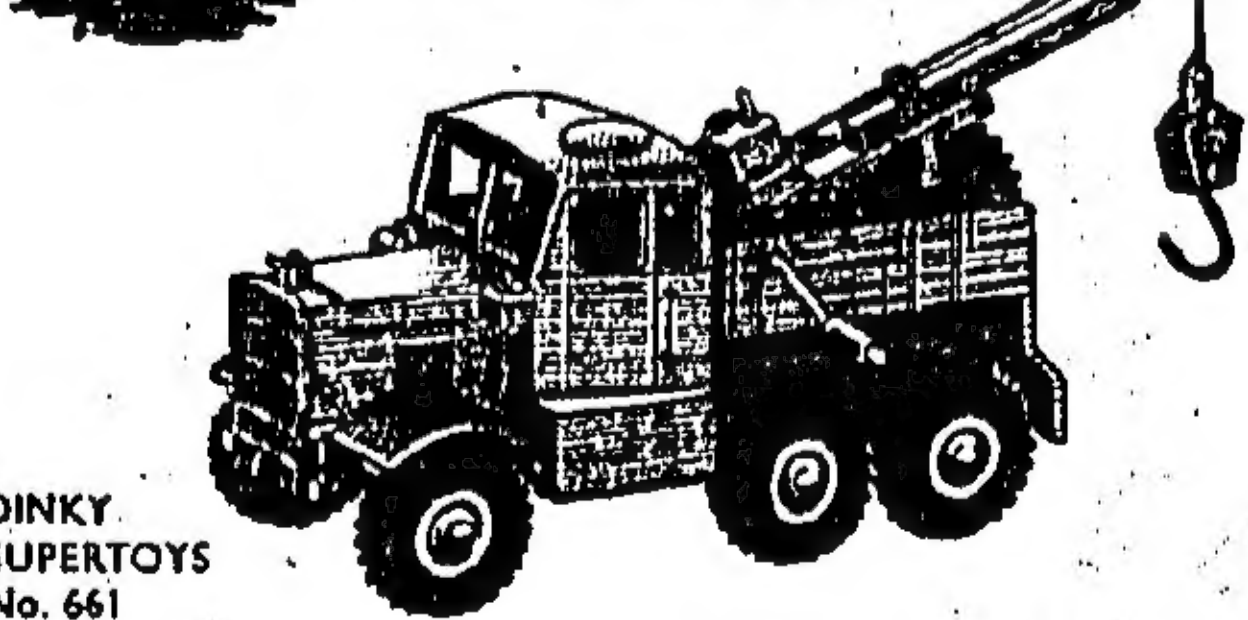
"Hush, dear," said Mother Goose to Mary, as she shut the oven door. "You run off and wash your hands. I'll tell them. They're Mother Gooseberries!"

Later, Knarf and Handi had a portion of that wonderful Mother Gooseberry pie. "It was really good."



Mother Goose was making a beautiful, big pie.

New this month!



DINKY SUPERTOYS No. 661

RECOVERY TRACTOR

Finely-detailed model of a Scammell 6-wheel Military Vehicle used for towing unserviceable military lorries and armoured cars. Hoist can be worked by handle. Driver in cab; spare tyre at rear. Length 5 1/2"



DINKY SUPERTOYS No. 919

GUY VAN "GOLDEN SHRED"

A popular model, now available in the bright "Golden Shred" colour scheme, with gullwing emblem on the sides. Opening rear doors. Spare tyre. Length 5 1/2"

Keep on collecting
DINKY SUPERTOYS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY HICCAHO LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13

green — make plenty of noise.

That is, the males do. They use their wings to make the sound in the warmer months and after dark.

Some say that if you add 37 to the number of chirps given by these insects in 15 seconds, you will have almost exactly the same number of degrees as would appear on a thermometer at the time.

In some parts of the world crickets are kept in small cages — covered as pet animals are kept — because people like to listen to the tiny creatures chirping to one another.

Perhaps you've wondered just what use a "lantern" is to a firefly, if any use at all. Well, the firefly makes use of light in order to get in touch with other fireflies. They may be signalling: "Here I come!" or "Get out of my way!"

SOURCE OF LIGHT

Down in old Mexico, if you ever visit that country, you may find people making use of a kind of beetle which is able to produce light. Just place a half dozen cuculi in a very small bamboo cage. They will provide as much light as you could get from a 15-watt electric bulb in your own home.

Can you picture yourself seated in an easy chair reading your favourite story book by the light furnished by a half dozen cuculi?

It is said that dragonflies were the original models for our aeroplanes. You may get a lot of amusement out of watching these creatures flashing through the air.

But you might laugh even more heartily if you could get a good look at some of the newly hatched fireflies. Seen face to face, they might remind you of so many wee bulldogs.

—CLARENCE LINDSAY

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

West's Error Sews Up Game

By ORWALD JACOBY

SOUTH'S three-diamond bid showed first-round control of the suit and was in the nature of a slam try. West stuck to a silly double that gave North a chance to pass.

This pass told South that North had no interest in a slam at all and South contented himself with a bid of four spades.

South won the opening club lead with the ace and saw that even his game contract was doubtful. The way the cards lie South can bring it home by double dummy play against any defence but South succeeded in making five through an error by West.

He won the opening club lead and played a spade to dummy's king. He returned to

NORTH 10	
♠ K J 8	
♥ J 9 3	
♦ Q 10 2	
♣ 5 4 3	
WEST	
♠ A 3 2	
♥ 10 7	
♦ K J 8 7 5 4	
♣ A	
EAST	
♠ 10 7 5 4	
♥ K J 8 7 5 4	
♦ A K 8 6	
♣ A 10 9	
SOUTH (D)	
♠ Q 10 9 8 4	
♥ A K 8 6	
♦ A	
♣ A 10 9	
North and South vulnerable	
South West North East	
♠ 2 ♠ 3	
♥ 3 ♦ Double Pass	
♦ 4 ♠ Pass ♠ Pass	
Opening lead—♠ 8	

his hand with the ace of diamonds and led a second low spade. Here is where West went wrong. He ducked that spade lead also.

South led a third spade and West was in the lead. He played the king of diamonds and South discarded a club.

West was still in the lead and shifted to the deuce of hearts. South played the nine from dummy and East was in a hopeless position. He went up with the queen, whereupon South won with the king and entered dummy with the jack.

The queen of diamonds allowed him to get rid of his remaining club loser and his two hearts were high.

The double dummy play to make the hand against perfect defence involves the lead of the jack of hearts from dummy. There are quite a few variations and undoubtedly many readers will be interested in working them out.

HEARD SAY

Q—The bidding has been: North East South West
2♦ 2♥ 3NT Pass
4♠ Pass
You South hold:
♠ K 2 ♥ K J 3 ♦ A Q 10 8 7 4
What do you do?
A—Bid five clubs. If you have a very conservative partner you may jump to six clubs.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Your partner continues with a bid of five hearts. What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CROSSWORD

1	2	3		4	5	6	7	
8				9				10
11								
	12		13			14		
	15				16			
			17			18	19	20
21								
	22			23				
24								

- Across
- Old-time hat might come in handy these cold nights. (4)
 - Do bed in a charming way. (4)
 - Imitation. (4)
 - The musical passage where Bob Clark and I got nothing at the end? (6)
 - Two for a fall. (5)
 - On with you as a mild protest. (3)
 - The cockney does a bunk. (9)
 - Make various and odd something out the middle. (4)
 - They provide bacon, breakfast. (4)
 - Imagined in cut. (5)
 - The album makes a grotesque. (5)
 - Drunkards. (4)
 - These occasions refer to the sea. (5)
 - They help in small tedious circles. (5)
 - Keep these on important things to you. (4)
 - Round a long way round. (9)
 - Get out of it. (5)
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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1957.

NEW! SHEAFFERS
Feathertouch
BALLPOINT

WEST INDIES THRASH KENT

COMPTON'S LAST MATCH

London, Aug. 30. Denis Compton, famous England cricketer, who has been handicapped the last season or two by a knee injury, ended his professional career with Middlesex, his county side, in great style today at Lords.

Compton, who will in future play only in occasional games, as an amateur, for Middlesex, scored an aggregate of 191 in the match against Worcestershire. He made one of his old-style centuries in the first innings.

The last over was reached with five runs needed and the visiting number ten, after hitting a four, got the vital run off the fifth ball of the over—France-Presse.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Sure it was good advice his teacher gave him to read all summer! But he could cut the lawn—he might be getting too smart!"

MERDEKA GAMES

HONGKONG BEATEN BY SINGAPORE

Kuala Lumpur, Aug. 30. Singapore, strong favourites for the title, today won convincingly from Hongkong, the first tie in the second day's play of the Merdeka games invitation basketball championships.

Singapore, which maintained a steady lead throughout, won 62-52 points.

They fielded a team that comprised never less than four Olympic players at any stage of the game.

SHARP SHOOTERS

These brilliant players gave Singapore a slight edge in the first half which ended 27-26 points.

After the interval Singapore settled down better to man-to-man play instead of the zone tactics followed by Hongkong.

Sharp shooters Lee Kit Kuan and Koh Tai Choon were largely responsible for the 10-point lead Singapore had obtained at the final whistle.

Lee Kit Kuan was Singapore's highest scorer with 19 points. Koh Tai Choon was Hongkong's highest with 20 points.

Thailand lost narrowly to Malaysia in the second tie of the tournament tonight.

Final scores: Malaysia 41, Thailand 40.

The success of the Malaysian side was due chiefly to the faultless shooting of Lee Kok Wah.

Lee's score of 21 points was as much as half his side's total.

DANGER

He was a danger to Thailand every time he got within the free throw circle.

But Malaysia was eight points down at the interval (26-14).

After the interval Malaysia played more spiritedly and they made up their leeway.—Reuter.

BOWLING

Smith & Walcott Hit 100 In 38 Minutes

Canterbury, Aug. 30.

WHIRLWIND batting by Collie Smith and his captain Clyde Walcott, produced exactly 100 runs in 38 minutes today and gave West Indies a seven-wickets victory over Kent with 12 minutes to spare.

Set to get 165 runs in 105 minutes, West Indies flogged the Kent bowling and though three wickets tumbled for 65, Smith (50) and Walcott (48) hooked, drove and pulled with tremendous power to provide a thrilling finish to Kent's last match of the season.

Smith, who made the winning hit with a four, completed his half-century in 40 minutes. He hit one six and six fours.

Walcott's 48 included a six and seven fours.

Final scores were: Kent 355 and 100 for seven declared; West Indies 350 for five declared and 165 for three.

LOST KANHAH

West Indies lost opening batsman Rohan Kanhaiah at 10. Kanhaiah, who fell leg before to Ridgway, was carried off the field with a bruised thigh, but the injury was not serious.

Garfield Sobers gathered a quick 36, including six boundaries, before being second out at 61, and four runs later Parnadeau was stumped by Evans off Page. With 50 minutes to go and 100 runs needed, Smith and Walcott got together for the fourth wicket and

produced some of the most entertaining batting seen at Canterbury for years.

West Indies, who were 332 for five overnight, declared after adding 27 without further loss in half an hour this morning and taking a first innings lead of four.

Spin bowler Sonny Ramadhin took a wicket in his first over in Kent's second innings and after four overs had claimed four for 12.

Godfrey Evans, the England and Kent wicketkeeper, stopped Ramadhin from achieving the hat-trick, and he finished with five for 51 when Colin Cowdrey declared at 108 for seven.

Ramadhin took five for 83 in the first innings.

SCOREBOARD

West Indies first innings continued (overlaid, not out) 120
Genteau, not out 33
Extras (b-1, nb-1) 2
Total (for five declared) 355

Only bowling changes from overnight:
Halfway 38 0 09 1
Page 23 0 09 1

Kent first innings 355.
Second Innings:
Phebe, c Kanhaiah b Hall 7
Wilson, c Kanhaiah b Ramadhin 41
Petford, c Walcott b Ramadhin 18
Genteau, c Kanhaiah b Ramadhin 33
Evans, b Hall 26
Hall, b Ramadhin 25
Halfway, c Kanhaiah b Ramadhin 2
Ridgway, lbw b Ramadhin 27
Cowdrey, not out 27
Smith, not out 7
Extras (b-1, nb-1) 4
Total (for seven declared) 100

Bowling
Hall 12 0 45 2
Agars 14 0 45 0
Sobers 14 0 09 1
Ramadhin 48 3 01 5
Wicketfalls: 1/29, 2/55, 3/65, 4/74, 5/74, 6/120, 7/139.

West Indies Second Innings
Kanhaiah, lbw b Ridgway 12
Parnadeau, c Evans b Page 17
Sobers, c Phebe, b Halfway 26
Smith, not out 56
Walcott, not out 48
Extras (b-1, nb-1) 2
Total (for three wickets) 103
Wicketfalls: 1/16, 2/51, 3/65.

Bowling
Ridgway 10 1 51 1
Halfway 10 0 04 1
Page 3 0 38 1
Brown 1 0 12 0
West Indies won by seven wickets.—Reuter.

NAMESAKES

Answers—1 Ring, 2 Champion, 3 Round, 4 Seconds, 5 Gloves, 6 Coloured, 7 Spa, 8 Weight, 9 Lemington, 10 Cruiser, 11 America, 12 Sparring, 13 Flats, 14 Count.
—Randolph Turpin.

REDIFFUSION

11.30 a.m. London Play House — "While I Live", 12 Noon, Time Time: 12.30 p.m., Three Men On A Mile — The Songs of Pat Boone, Guy Mitchell and Gordon Macrae; A Keyboard Capers, Win-fred Atwell; 1.15, Weather Report, News and Special Announcements; 1.30, George Melachrino and his Orchestra; 2, Saturday Requests — Presented by Betty; 3, Year by Year — Featuring the Song Hits of 1948; 3.30, In His Steps — The Story of Henry Maxwell — Episode 15, 4, Western Half Hour — Presented by Nick Kendall; 4.30, Rhythm Parade; 5, Meet The Stars—Gordon Macrae and Shirley Jones; 6.30, Melody Magic; 6, Birthday Mailbag; 6.52, Unit Requests — Request Show for H.M. Forces, presented by Jane; 7, Jazz Club — Presented by Philip Dickens; 7.30, A Programme of Music by Mantovani; 7.45, Song Time — The Songs of Petula Clark; 8, Time Signal and the News; 8.55, Western Report, Announcements and Interlude; 9.15, Strange Tales of Easterners — Episode 18, 9.30, Voice of Sport; 9, Shiro Hit Parade; 9.50, Music From Maxine; 10, Hollywood Open House—Starring Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz; 10.30, Harlem Nocturne; 11, Dance Party; 12 Mid-night, "God Save The Queen", Close Down.

TELEVISION

5 p.m. Children's Films: 5.20, Children's Story; 5.30, Close Down; 5.40, News; 5.50, News of the World; 6, Children's Films: "Modern See-Tan Show"; 6.10, "Fan Lee Wah Three Times"; (Parts 51 and 52); 6.15, "Rabochinsk"; "And So Died Rabochinsk"; 6.20, "The Story of the Rain"; 6.25, "The Story of the Rain"; 6.30, "The Story of the Rain"; 6.35, "The Story of the Rain"; 6.40, "The Story of the Rain"; 6.45, "The Story of the Rain"; 6.50, "The Story of the Rain"; 6.55, "The Story of the Rain"; 7, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.05, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.10, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.15, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.20, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.25, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.30, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.35, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.40, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.45, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.50, "The Story of the Rain"; 7.55, "The Story of the Rain"; 8, "The Story of the Rain"; 8.05, "The Story of the Rain"; 8.10, "The Story of the Rain"; 8.15, "The Story of the Rain"; 8.20, "The Story of the Rain"; 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